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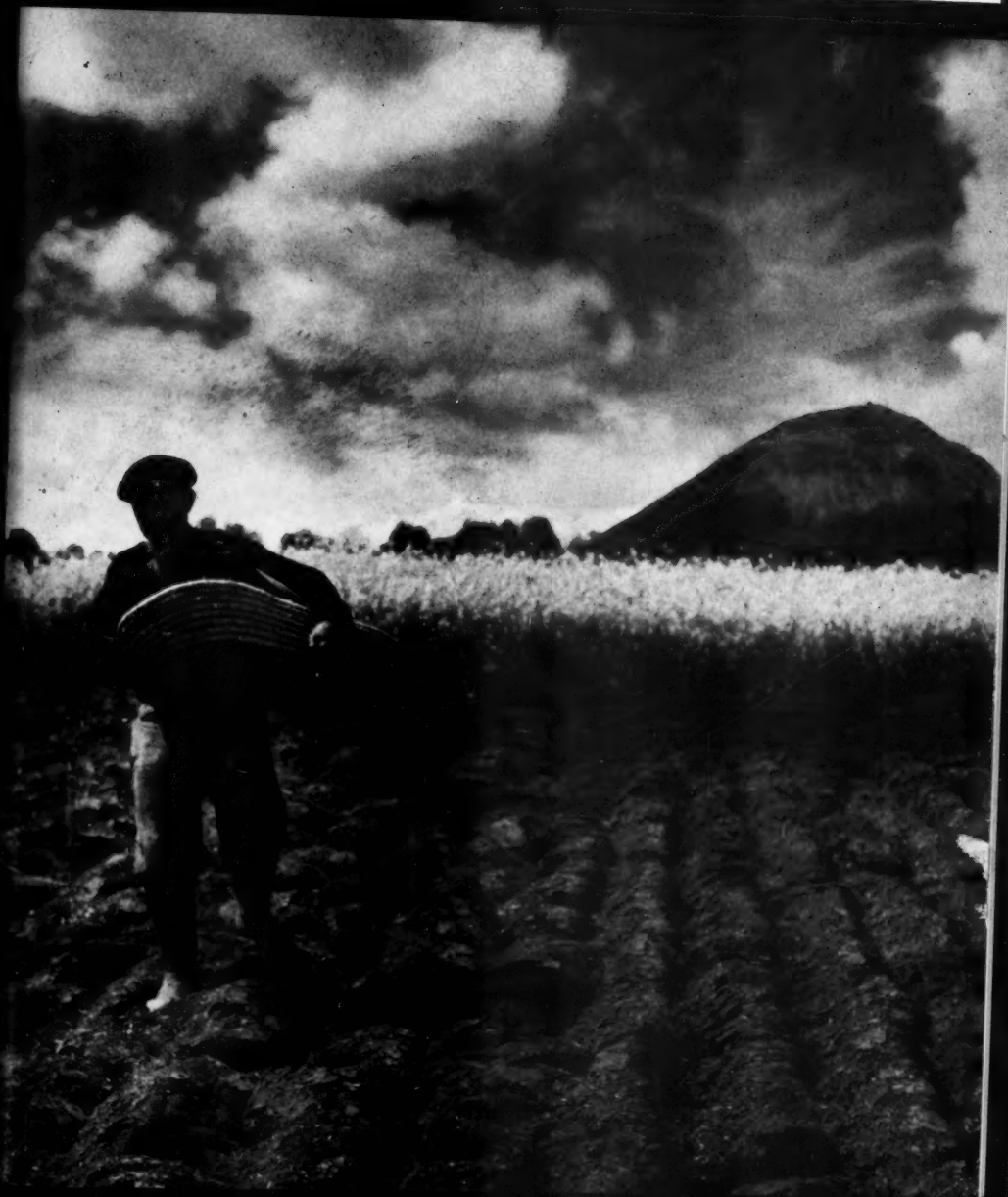
**INDEPENDENCE
IN POLITICS**

Lord Alton of Liverpool

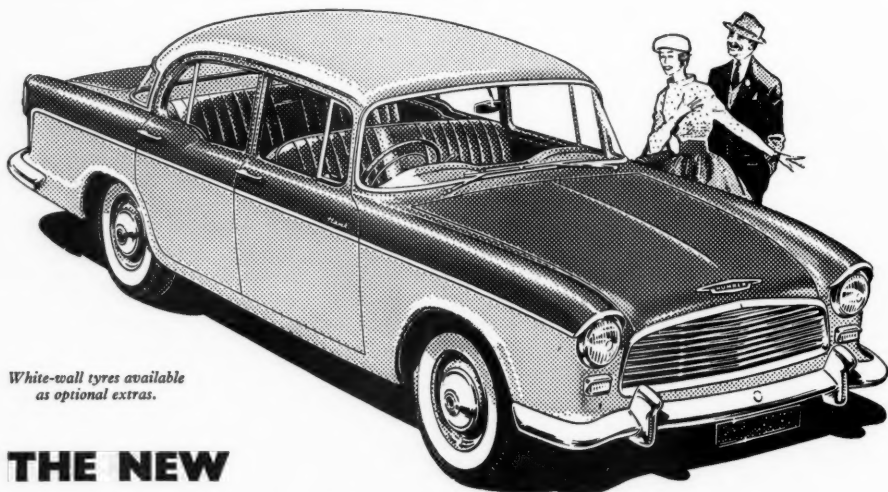
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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Cover Picture: French peasant in Auvergne using a primitive method to sow his grain.
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

WE have never failed to pay tribute to Mr. Macmillan's cleverness and realism, but we have always tried to indicate the very serious faults which inhibit his performance as a national leader. His view of the outside world is very much less shrewd than his appraisal of domestic politics. He is still, in many ways, an imperialist and an ideologue. Moreover, even if his own mentality were different, he has to deal with a Parliamentary Party which reflects his weaknesses in caricature form and which might not follow him indefinitely if his actions became too realistic. Having few opinions of their own, Tory M.P.s are torn between instinctive and automatic obedience to the Leader and equally instinctive and automatic fear of their constituency associations. Until Mr. Macmillan becomes a popular figure in the country (and he is now "character acting" for all he is worth, attending the Derby, cricket matches, etc.), he will not be able to rely upon his troops in all emergencies, great as has been his success in Parliament. He got away with the Suez climb-down, but he has needed the H-bomb cloud over Christmas Island to give him *panache*, and he is obviously reluctant to carry to its logical conclusion the change of policy foreshadowed by the release of Archbishop Makarios. He has also written a letter to Marshal Bulganin which has rightly incurred the criticism that it showed more solicitude for the Germans than for the cause of disarmament. The folly of making German

reunification a pre-condition of any security pact between East and West has so often been pointed out in these columns that there should be no need to go over the arguments again. The Federal Republic has been bound to the West only by self-interest, and it is important to note that the Germans have now obtained from the "victorious" Western allies nearly all that it was in the latter's power to give, whereas there is still much that the Russians can give them. It would therefore be futile to electioneer on behalf of Dr. Adenauer, even if he were a man in the prime of life. We cannot determine German policy, and we must not allow the Germans to determine ours.

Critical Moment in Kenya

ON June 23 the *Sunday Express* carried the ominous headline "For Cyprus read Kenya"—meaning that the Government, having failed to establish a firm base in Cyprus, were now looking to Kenya as a substitute. The words, however, have a more sinister meaning which the *Express* sub-editor, unless he is a conscious artist, cannot have intended. It is indeed true that, if the existing political deadlock in Kenya is not broken by bold, decisive and imaginative action from Whitehall, that country may become another Cyprus.

Pre-occupied as he is with Nigeria, Mr. Lennox-Boyd must turn his attention

to East Africa and must not be content with asserting that the Lyttelton Constitution is immutable until 1960. Mr. Tom Mboya, leader of the African nationalists in Kenya, who swept the poll at the recent elections, is making exaggerated demands, but is an intelligent man and clearly quite prepared to negotiate. Surely the right course now is for the Colonial Secretary to call a conference of African, Asian and European leaders in Kenya to discuss the possibility of immediate (though limited) changes in the Lyttelton Constitution. At such a conference the Asians would be a valuable make-weight, because they have been offered very poor terms by Mr. Mboya in his initial proposals. They would, however, be likely to agree to a modification on terms more favourable to themselves, and if they agreed a section of the more far-sighted Europeans might be tempted to agree as well, leaving only a rump of irreconcilables. Something at any rate must be done. The present African boycott of the Lyttelton Constitution, combined with Government measures to restrict the freedom of African political meetings, can only lead to disaster.

As a footnote we must congratulate Mr. Garfield Todd, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, on his courageous leadership. If he has his way the Federation may turn its back on the Union of South Africa and progress steadily towards a genuine partnership of races.

Canadian Miracle

AS Canada celebrates the ninetieth anniversary of Confederation a new Government takes over in the Dominion, after one of the most sensational elections in recent political history. It seemed that only a miracle could bring to an end the long reign of the Liberal Party, but this miracle occurred and the Progressive Conservatives gained a bare majority of seats (though not of votes). Their leader, Mr. John Diefenbaker, has succeeded Mr. St. Laurent as Prime Minister and is

representing Canada at the Commonwealth meeting in London.

Why did the Liberal Party fail? After twenty-two years the electors must anyway have felt that it was time for a change, and the ugly controversy last year about the trans-Canada pipeline had undermined the Liberal Cabinet's prestige. More recently, the Suez crisis had aroused some of the old-fashioned "mother-country" feeling which is never far below the surface. (The Canadian national character shows a curious mixture of extreme progressiveness and extreme traditionalism; and it was felt that the Government—in particular Mr. Pearson—though probably right in principle, had been too outspoken in criticism of the United Kingdom.) Mr. Diefenbaker's personal appeal was also a major factor in the campaign. He had been leader of his party only for a few months, and both he and his colleagues take office with no previous experience of government. (This is an extraordinary position: when the first Labour Government in this country was formed in 1924 two of its members, Clynes and Henderson, had served in the war-time Coalition, though Ramsay MacDonald was not even a Privy Councillor.) In the present Parliament the Conservatives can only be sure of a majority so long as they have the support of the Social Credit group. This arrangement does not seem very satisfactory, and Mr. Diefenbaker may well put forward his programme and then challenge defeat in Parliament, with a view to improving his position in another election. Half the depleted Liberal strength is in Quebec, but the alliance between Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Duplessis, the Quebec Premier, has never been very strong, and Duplessis may now judge it expedient, in his own and the country's interest, to give temporary support to the Conservatives.

Wire-tapping

BEFORE Parliament adjourned for the Whitsun recess Mr. Butler was given a rough passage on the subject of tele-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

phone-tapping. This, like the censorship of letters, is a practice odious in itself and permissible only when the security of the State is involved. Ministers must therefore ensure that it is used only in the rarest instances and, above all, that private conversations so intercepted should never be divulged to outside bodies. The discovery that one such conversation had been divulged to the Bar Council was naturally a shock to Parliament and to the general public. When Parliament re-assembles the matter will be discussed again, but meanwhile it is clear that Mr. Butler himself, though technically responsible, is not in fact to blame. The incident occurred during the incumbency of Lord Tenby, whose record as Home Secretary is thus seen to have been even more lamentable than was already supposed. The Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, whose reputation is about on a par with Lord Tenby's, is also involved. These two politicians claim that the Bar Council asked for the transcript in question, but the Bar Council say it was offered to them. It is obviously hard to reconcile these two versions, and further elucidation is awaited with interest. Mr. Butler will also, we hope, be pressed to give details of the number of occasions on which telephones have been tapped in recent years, and the extent to which this vile procedure has assisted in protecting the country against subversion and serious crime.

Sir Dudley North Vindicated

WE just missed the chance to comment last month on the vindication of Admiral Sir Dudley North, for which the Prime Minister deserves full credit. He read through all the papers in this unfortunate case and came to the sensible conclusion that an inquiry after so many years would be fruitless, but that Sir Dudley had been unfairly treated and should be cleared of any imputation that he had neglected his duty. He (Mr. Macmillan) therefore made a statement in Parliament which may be said to constitute an *amende honorable*. It was a pity that this was not followed by some award to Sir Dudley in the Birthday Honours, but perhaps the list had already been drawn up and his name will appear on the next occasion.

The treatment of this distinguished and patriotic naval officer will remain one of the saddest examples of that meanness and ruthlessness which are not altogether absent from the superb character of Sir Winston Churchill. Looking at the record it is impossible not to conclude that Sir Dudley North was made a scapegoat for the Dakar fiasco. Even when the facts were brought home to him Sir Winston refused to make reparation. *The National Review* has for years been striving to obtain justice for Sir Dudley North, and we welcome Mr. Macmillan's gesture while congratulating Sir Dudley on his belated triumph.

Next month's issue will contain a symposium on the Monarchy, with special articles on the Court, the duties of the Queen's Private Secretary, Royal finance, the Royal programme of activities, and the significance in Asia of the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth.

The Index to Volume CXLVIII (January-June, 1957) is now available on application to The National and English Review, 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

THE subject of independence in politics has seldom been more topical than it is to-day. In Britain at any rate there is a widespread feeling that politicians are becoming too mechanical; that far from deserving an increase in pay, they might just as well be dispensed with altogether and their place taken by some highly developed automaton like "Ernie." This feeling is, of course, exaggerated. There is much virtue and talent in the Parliament which is now, theoretically, ruling the country. But recent by-elections have shown that the public is tired of the bogus solidarity which each of the big parties has been striving to maintain. It is suspected—and rightly—that a substantial number of Conservatives were thoroughly unhappy about the Suez war and that a very much larger number of rank-and-file Socialists were wholeheartedly in favour of it. The Parliamentary scenes of last November are therefore recalled with scepticism, even with disgust, since it is thought that they masked rather than expressed the true state of affairs in the country.

At such a time it is useful to read two books which, in different ways, bear upon the character of our public life.* Mrs. Spearman has written a stimulating essay on the nature of British democracy, both as it is now and in its historical perspective. Mr. Taylor, in the 1956 Ford Lectures, has examined the tradition of fundamental Dissent in regard to British foreign policy (he unfortunately uses a capital D, which is rather confusing), and has asserted with his usual brashness and *brio* that "if there had been no trouble-makers, no Dissenters, we should still be

living in caves." It must be said at once that he suffers from a curious fixation that the only valid form of Dissent is Left-wing Dissent. This does not operate uniformly throughout the book, but it is much in evidence—as, for instance, in the following passage: "The Spanish war separated the Dissenters from the Establishment just when fear of Hitler was beginning to push them together. It even separated them from the most discontented members of the Establishment such as Churchill. Winston Churchill was never a Dissenter despite his fierce criticism of the Government." There is really little to be said for such arbitrary use of ecclesiastical metaphor. Mr. Taylor can claim to have been the originator of the term "Establishment," with a vague social-political meaning—a term since virtually appropriated by Mr. Henry Fairlie—but it is not much to be proud of. Imprecise language of this kind is perhaps more to be expected of a knockabout journalist than of a Fellow of Magdalen. Anyway, it is absurd to suggest that Winston Churchill was not a genuine Dissenter on foreign affairs before the war. If the word means anything at all, it must include him.

"Conformity," says Mr. Taylor, "may give you a quiet life; it may even bring you to a University Chair." He is certainly no conformist himself, but is this why he has not lately been appointed to the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford? May it not also be that, for all his nimbleness of mind and depth of scholarship, he is apt to be slapdash in his judgments? Here is a striking example of his capacity for aberration: "The Imperialists had little respect for tradition. Kipling, the bard of Empire, was so contemptuous of the Establishment that he refused all decorations, including even the Order of Merit . . ." This

* *Democracy in England*. By Diana Spearman. Rockliff. 30s.

The Trouble Makers: Dissent over Foreign Policy, 1792-1939. By A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS

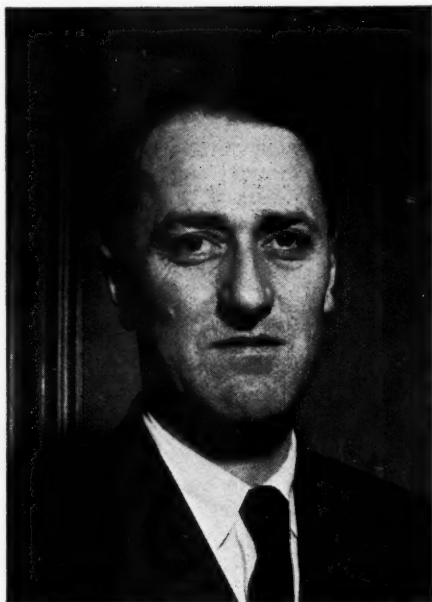


Photo: Camera Press.

NIGEL NICOLSON.

could hardly be wider of the mark. Kipling refused honours not because he was deficient in traditional feeling—few people can have been more richly endowed with it—but because he held the view that what he had achieved as a writer was the work of his “daemon,” and not directly attributable to himself. This may seem a quaint and rather nonsensical attitude, but it is less quaint and nonsensical than Mr. Taylor’s interpretation of Kipling’s motives. The author of *Kim*, though conscious of, and up to a point sympathetic with, the more eccentric and rebellious members of society, was likely always to end up on the side of authority. His reverence for what might be called the *mystique* of government was, indeed, excessive. (Perhaps Mr. Taylor’s own contempt for the Establishment, and his indifference to honours, is the explanation of a very minor, though rather surprising, inaccuracy. He refers at one point to “the Marquis of Rosebery.”)

Mrs. Spearman would lay no claim to be a specialist in historical research,

yet she fills in the background to her ideas with quiet competence. The ideas themselves are, of course, the most important part of her book. In the chapter headed “The Future” she considers the outlook for democracy in this country, and she doubts whether it could continue to exist “without substantial economic inequality.” Her elaboration of this point is full of wisdom and shrewdness.

It is now contended that inequality of wealth or economic circumstances is as intolerable as any other kind of inequality. The difficulty, however, appears to be that the pursuit of equality leads merely to the substitution of one kind of inequality for another. Every step towards economic equality increases the power of the state and the authorities that control the state; indeed the passion of some politicians for economic equality is partly, even if not consciously, due to resentment that there should be anyone who by their [*sic*] economic independence may escape their control or challenge their importance in the public eye. The existence of such people is peculiarly annoying because the great landowner or industrialist tends to be



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STANLEY EVANS.

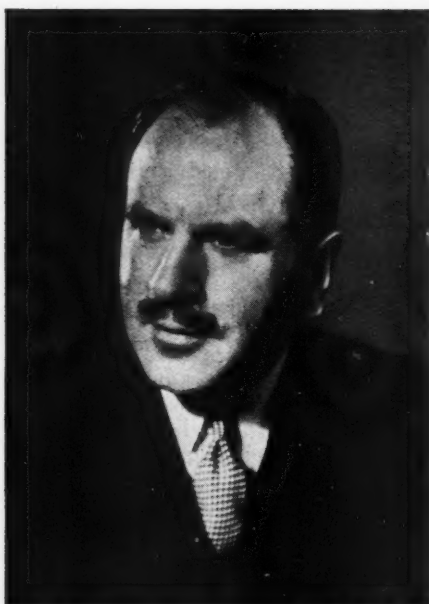


Photo: Camera Press.

SIR FRANK MEDLICOTT.

rather more permanent than even the most successful of politicians.

The existence of large owners of property is also desirable in that they are a safeguard for the rights of property in general. Once it becomes accepted that all property is in pawn to the State, there is no logical limit to the depredations that may occur. This is not to say that the rights of property are absolute, or that the State has no moral claim upon the resources of its citizens, but a fair balance must be struck and there must be nothing in the nature of confiscation. The persistent Socialist failure to concede this is one of the greatest dangers to civil liberty and Parliamentary democracy, though most Socialists are fervent believers in both.

As an obstacle to extremism Mrs. Spearman would like to see an invigorated Second Chamber. "The mere fact," she says, "that one country consciously and deliberately limited the power of temporary majorities would do something to remind the world that governments need not be omnipotent." There is, indeed, an over-

whelming case for reforming the existing House of Lords, and for making it a more rational body, without detriment to those aspects of it which are truly vital. Only if such a reform is carried through will it be possible to pay a decent salary to legislators in the Upper House; and unless such a salary is paid there will very soon be no legislators. But even if the Government can be stirred from its unpardonable lethargy on this subject, and if a reform measure is introduced, there should be no question of setting up the House of Lords as a rival to the House of Commons, or of giving it power to veto what has been decided by the elected Chamber. The very limited suspensory power which remains to the House of Lords under the Parliament Act of 1949 should, in my opinion, be abandoned. It only acts as an irritant without serving any useful purpose, and so long as it remains those who believe in Single Chamber government will have a useful, if bogus, target for demagogic attacks upon the House of Lords. The essential function of this body should not be to frustrate the will of the elected House, but rather to provide a means whereby legislation can be revised in a relatively dispassionate and leisurely fashion, and a forum where every kind of issue can be discussed by people who have a reputation for independence and integrity. The procedure of the House of Lords, and the fact that its Members would be nominated for life and would not be constantly influenced by electioneering considerations, would be enormous assets; but they would not justify any attempt to build the House of Lords up as a legal rampart against the excesses of democracy.

Mrs. Spearman has, in fact, only turned to the House of Lords with this intention, because she accepts, or seems to accept, the necessity for party discipline of the most rigorous kind in the House of Commons. In her view the conception of the mandate has revolutionized the status of M.P.s. "If we were prepared to do without the programme and the pledge, Members of Parliament could be more independent. Most people no doubt

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS

would insist on the present form of electioneering, but if they do, it is useless at the same time for them to complain that Members are only rubber stamps." I do not see that the existence of a party programme, and electioneering based upon this, need be made an excuse for the total subordination of M.P.s. to their party managers. In the January issue of this *Review* Sir Edward Boyle contested this very point when it was put forward in all its severity by that *doyen* of party managers, Lord Attlee. Sir Edward agreed very rightly that an M.P. should be ready to vote with his party on all matters which have been specifically endorsed by the electorate. If he wishes to rebel on any question that was foreshadowed in the programme which he himself helped to present to the voters, then he should in common honesty resign not only the Whip, but also his seat. There are, however, many matters of the greatest consequence which may arise in the course of a Parliament and which were either not foreseen or were not made the subject of any definite pledges at the previous election. On these matters an M.P. should, of course, give the most careful and anxious attention to the course of action recommended by his leaders; but if through the exercise of his free judgment he decides that their course of action is wrong, he is quite within his rights in resisting them, and should not be accused of disloyalty for doing so. On such matters it is open to him, as to his leaders, to apply his party principles to the new situation in the way which seems to him right and just. This is what Sir Edward Boyle himself did when he resigned from the Government last November, and by so doing he was rendering a much better service to his party than was rendered by all those stooges and yes-men who followed the leadership without even attempting to form an independent judgment.

Unfortunately, the idea is now very prevalent among active political workers for both the main parties that M.P.s. are not representatives in the traditional sense, but delegates. This explains the



Photo: Camera Press.

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS.

treatment which has been suffered, for instance, by Mr. Nigel Nicolson, Mr. Stanley Evans and Sir Frank Medlicott. The test has not been a Member's "loyalty" in Parliament—the Suez Groupers have been the heroes of their constituency associations—but rather a willingness to conform to the ignorance and prejudice of a local party caucus. There are already some hopeful signs that this degradation of Parliament is being understood and counteracted; but so far, I am sorry to say, the record of the Labour Party is better in this respect than that of the Tory Party. Sir Hartley Shawcross, though a so-called "Right-wing" deviationist in the Labour Party, has been supported by his constituency association, and the same is true of Mr. George Brown.

It is supremely important that the legitimate and residual independence of M.P.s. should be asserted, but this cannot be done for them. They must do it themselves.

ALTRINCHAM.

FRANCE'S REAL CRISIS

By NORA BELOFF

YOU would need the savage irony of the *chansonniers* up at Montmartre to do full justice to the burlesque of France's twenty-third post-war collapse of government—to say nothing of the forward skips and backward hops which brought M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury and the rump of the old Mollet coalition back into what is euphemistically called power. It is hard enough for Frenchmen, let alone for foreigners, to take seriously the struttings and pronouncements of the sequence of politicians doomed, as everyone knows, to their inexorable ninepin fate. Yet the crisis is serious; not in its outward manifestations of toppling Governments and evanescent coalitions, but in its reality: the political and financial near-bankruptcy of the Fourth Republic.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the trouble with France is that the country does not have what it takes to satisfy what most Frenchmen believe to be their inalienable rights. And, as we used to be told, even the most beautiful girl in the world can only give what she has.

Once upon a time France was the richest, strongest country in the world. "Like God in France," the Germans used to say when they wanted to express the notion of good living. And when France spoke, the world listened.

Most Frenchmen believe that if this is no longer so, it is only because of the crookedness or incompetence (or both) of their politicians. Brought up to spurn economics, they do not see the material realities behind their relative decline: shortage of raw materials, antique methods and machines preserved behind Europe's highest tariff barriers, the fact that almost half the country still fits into the American definition of "underdeveloped" and hardly belongs to the machine age at all. The peasant and artisan are a declining, but still very powerful, sector of the French community, and have no intention of giving up the vast and intricate apparatus

of internal and external protection, which permits them to survive, but only at the expense of their more up-to-date compatriots.

Nevertheless, after a slow and patchy beginning, French industrialization in the North, the East and the South-East is now in full swing, and French production—of babies as well as things—has increased proportionately more than in any other European country. But even here the trouble—and France shares it with England—is that no one has discovered how to reconcile internal expansion with external equilibrium. Although French industry is desperately dependent upon imported raw materials, especially fuel, and although it is fifty years since the French last balanced their foreign trade, the need to "export or die" has hardly impinged on the national consciousness.

The disequilibrium was tolerable until the last war, because France held big foreign assets, and the "invisible" exports were sufficient to redress the unfavourable balance (particularly as, towards the end, industry was stagnant and the population declined). Since the war, there has been first the Marshall Plan, which boosted French industry and Americanized French tastes—thus increasing France's needs for foreign imports, but also (at least temporarily) provided the hard currency needed to pay for them. Then there was what cynical officials dubbed "France's best export"—the Indo-China war. The Americans poured dollars into France so that France could spend francs "containing" Communism on the other side of the world—and simultaneously build up hard currency reserves. With the time-lag between U.S. appropriations and financial transfers, France was still receiving annually more than 1,000 million dollars in various forms of aid, until the beginning of last year.

The new Premier, M. Bourges-Maunoury, is using the passing moment of

FRANCE'S REAL CRISIS

panic, engendered by the crisis, to try and force the National Assembly to accept a series of stop-gap measures—starting with the reimposition of quotas on all foreign trade, and a step backward to commercial autarky to stave off financial collapse. But the real crisis inherent in the efforts of the French State to do too many things for too many people in too many places at once, is unsolved—indeed unaffected by the recent change of Government.

The Government which has just come to grief took over precisely at the moment when, for reasons outside its control, the French economy was losing its crutches: "The fault," M. Mollet might have said, "is not in ourselves but in our stars. . . ." It is indisputable that, having stayed in power for sixteen months, which is longer than any of his Fourth Republic predecessors, he squandered French resources and left France diplomatically isolated and financially down and out. It is equally true that there were extenuating circumstances.

There are too many parties in France to give general elections (particularly under the system of modified proportional representation) much meaning; as Professor Charles Morazé has pointed out, the one which followed the dissolution arranged by M. Edgar Faure at the end of 1955 "resulted in photographing the confusion of the parties, rather than remedying their defects." The slight swing from centre-right to centre-left brought into power the Mollet-Mendès "Republican Front" tandem, with the Socialist Secretary-General, M. Guy Mollet, at the handle-bars, and Radical leader, Pierre Mendès-France, pedalling behind.

A now crutchless economy needed firm handling; but the newly-elected Assembly was unable to produce a governing majority. The Republican Front had been chosen because their minority support was bigger than anybody else's, but the permanent need for appeasing oppositions ruled out strong—or even coherent—government.

The two men, one an astute party boss and the other a distinguished economist, besides being mutually antipathetic, had



Photo: Keystone Press.

MAURICE BOURGES-MAUNOURY.

very little in common except the belief that France must concentrate her resources and energies on economic expansion and put an end to what the Socialist Secretary-General has denounced as "the cruel and imbecile war" in Algeria.

Having selected General Georges Catroux, known to be sympathetic to the Arab nationalists, as the man best qualified to prepare peace, M. Mollet went over to Algeria to instal him. Being a blinkered Socialist militant, with scant knowledge of the outside world, he had assumed that the only people who opposed colonial emancipation were plutocratic, cigar-smoking capitalists. When he arrived on February 6 he learnt the hard way—that is, by being pelted with rotten tomatoes—that the *petit peuple* in Algeria, his own opposite numbers, regarded him as a traitor. In a matter of minutes he succumbed to the French settlers; the demonstrators were still in the street howling imprecations, when the news percolated from the Winter Palace, where he was staying, that he had telephoned to cancel Catroux' appointment.



Photo: Camera Press.

GUY MOLLET.

Instead he sent for M. Robert Lacoste and a Socialist-led Government proceeded to mobilize an extra quarter-of-a-million young men and embark on the biggest colonial war in French history. Even so, though for military operations money was no object, the French failed to quell the rebellion and the Algerians fed and prospered on diplomatic and material support from other Arab countries. The newly-independent Morocco and Tunisia identified this struggle with their own. And the Egyptian dictator, building himself up as a Panarab *Führer*, was ready to outbid any country, at least in verbal support, for the war against France. The Suez operation was a logical by-product of the Algerian war; the Prime Minister, cheered by that innocent Anglomania which is one of his most disarming qualities, supposed that if Britain came in it meant that the venture could not fail.

But M. Mollet never forgot that he owed his glory to his party and he was obviously no good to the Socialist rank and file if all he could offer (besides the plums of patronage, with which, admittedly, he was very generous) was colonial

war and foreign adventure. In fact, he pressed ahead with social reforms, and will be lovingly remembered by many old pensioners for boosting their starvation allowance. He also extended paid holidays from two weeks to three, and eliminated sales tax on essential commodities. But though he increased the spending capacities of the poor, he could not reduce the spending capacities of the rest of the community; a redistribution of revenues and a socially planned economy were automatically impossible without strong government based on labour support. In fact, the most dynamic trade unions have long since lost confidence in democratic "reformism" and their Communist loyalties excluded their co-operation with Socialists. M. Mollet fell back on letting everybody spend more and, if it was not immediately apparent that there was too much money chasing too few goods, this was only because the French import surplus could go on increasing the supply of goods—at least until this summer, by which time the 2,000 million dollar reserve would be almost exhausted.

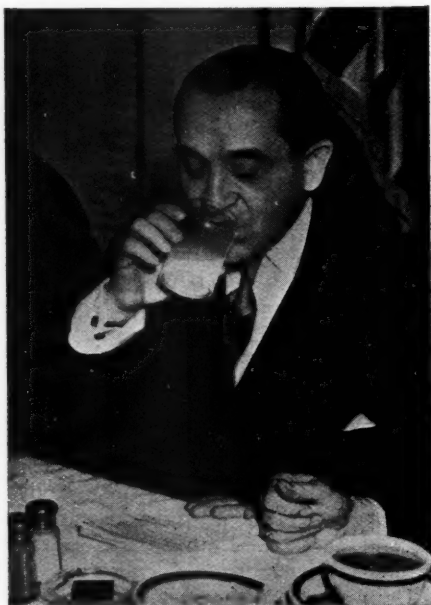


Photo: Camera Press.

PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE.

FRANCE'S REAL CRISIS

While M. Mollet was sinking deeper and deeper into the financial mire, until he finally disappeared altogether, his Deputy-Premier, Mendès-France, was faring even worse. It did not take long for Pierre Mendès-France to see that his front-seat partner was demonstrating all the faults of over-extending French commitments and meeting them by inflationary subterfuges, that Mendès-France had earned his fame castigating under previous administrations.

But, though he resigned fairly soon from the Mollet Government, he persuaded his colleagues to remain, and almost until the end he abdicated the right to oppose. In parliamentary terms, his attitude was defensible; as chief of the Radical Party he found himself levelling down his own exigencies to the highest common denominator his party could understand and accept. This meant a compromising silence on essential colonial and fiscal truths. The Radical Party at first enjoyed the thrill of effective and prestigious leadership; the French love a man with *panache*. But compelled to choose, they

still preferred in the last resort to use their decisive political power, as before, for sharing out Governmental jobs and favours rather than for forwarding M. Mendès-France's not very cosy ideology. It was also arguable that no reform policy was possible without the support of the French Socialists; M. Mendès-France could not politically slaughter M. Mollet without ruling out the chances of effective collaboration with his party later on.

Whether realistic or not, the fact is that by compromising silences and apparent acquiescence M. Mendès-France has, at least for the time being, tarnished his unique reputation as a politician of integrity and moral courage. President Coty was certainly under no pressure, either from inside or outside Parliament, to turn to him at the moment of crisis. For his own and for France's sake, we must hope he will now abandon his political reticence and recover his public audience, so that he can again pay the country the service it most desperately needs: to be told the truth.

NORA BELOFF.

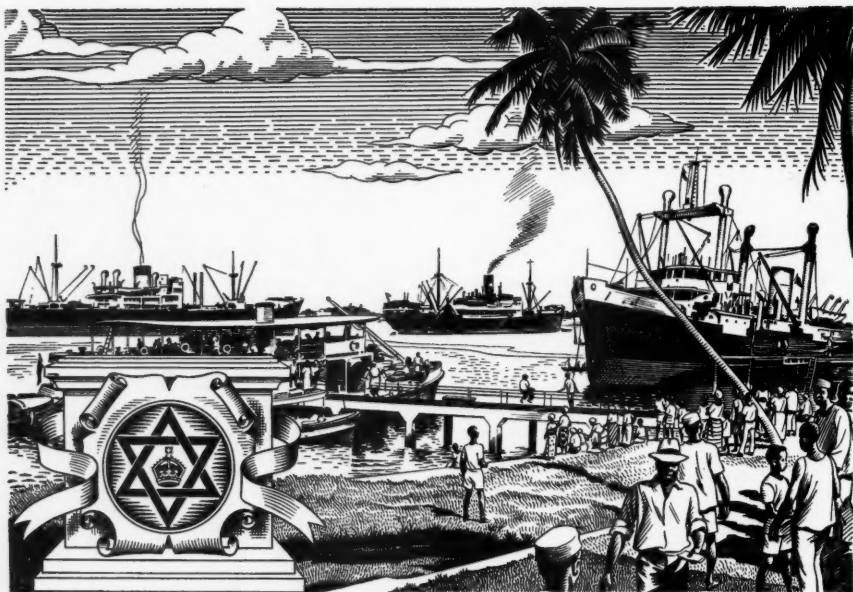
CAN NIGERIA BE A NATION?

By WILLIAM CLARK

WHEN we speak of Britain's Colonial Empire a picture is summoned up of scores of small territories scattered over the globe from Tristan da Cunha to Kenya. What is not generally realized is that rather more than half the Colonial Empire, measured in terms of population and administrative officers, consists of Nigeria. When Nigeria becomes a Dominion the Colonial Office will lose half its work, with far-reaching consequences to its prestige as an independent Government department, and the Colonial Empire will become only a small pendant to the multi-racial Commonwealth.

For Britain, as well as for Africa, the

meeting of Nigerian leaders in London which began on May 23 is therefore of historic importance, and it is worth trying to see clearly just what are the issues at stake, clouded though they may be by political manœuvres and publicity stunts. First of all, the issue is not whether Nigeria should become fully self-governing, but exactly when and on what terms. The current wrangles between parties in Nigeria are only the usual symptoms that precede an actual transfer of power. They are no longer an excuse for retaining ultimate power in our hands, for British policy has ceased to be Divide and Rule, and has become Unite and Quit. What is really



LAGOS: Principal port and Federal capital of Nigeria, Lagos is of comparatively recent origin although Portuguese navigators first discovered it in the second half of the 15th century. The island on which Lagos stands was in those days little more than a mudbank in a large shallow lagoon but the development of the palm oil trade and the completion of the railway to Kano—which gave access to the agricultural and mineral wealth of the country—greatly increased the importance of the port. Extensive harbour work has been in hand for several years and as a result modern ships drawing up to 26 ft. of water can now be accommodated. The port of Lagos and its new extension at Apapa on the mainland opposite have deep water berths and wharves well provided with modern equipment to cope with the increasing volume of Nigeria's trade with countries overseas.

Business men who require information on current commercial conditions in Nigeria are invited to get into touch with our Intelligence Department, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3. Up-to-date reports from our branches in Lagos and elsewhere are readily obtainable on request.

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.



CAN NIGERIA BE A NATION?

at stake for Britain is our reputation as a successful creator of independent States. Can a Constitution be devised, and can conditions be created, which will give Nigeria the best possible chance of political stability and economic security when the country is launched into independence? And can all this be done in time for independence to be given effect within two or three years?

There are many people, including some devoted British civil servants in Nigeria, who jib at this fixing of a date. They argue, with a great deal of plausibility, that the people are not yet ready for self-government, and that it will take many more years of education before they are fit to rule themselves. Anyone who has watched, as I have, illiterate tribesmen being asked to choose between a ballot box decorated by a cock (the symbol of Azikiwe) and another on which a whisky bottle is painted (the symbol of his even less puritanical opponent) can see that this is not the democracy we know at Westminster, though it is perhaps not so different from Eatanswill.

Yet the idea that a few more years of education will solve this problem is quite untrue. History will probably record that in the first half of the 20th century the people most incapable of governing themselves were the Germans, who are neither backward nor ill-educated. Though a certain amount of education is essential if the complicated machinery of a modern State is to be successfully operated, it is not necessary that the electorate should be well educated for it to choose quite wisely amongst its possible leaders. A people may be trusted to know where the shoe pinches, even if they are not experts in orthopaedics or cobbling.

* * *

The Nigerian political leaders seem determined to achieve self-government by 1959. This is an arbitrary date, but the British Government would be well advised (and has been so advised by its senior representatives on the spot) to accept it and rush their preparations to meet the date. If this is done the hand-over will be



Photo : Camera Press.

ALHAJI AHMADU, SARDAUNA OF SOKOTO, PREMIER OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

friendly and all the training that has gone before will be gratefully remembered; if there is delay relations between Britain and the Nigerian leaders will become strained, the training in self-government will be forgotten in the excitement of revolutionary action to attain self-government, and eventually extremists hostile to Britain and probably far less fit to rule the country will be thrown up into the seat of power. Education in self-government is a voluntary class; any attempt to keep the pupils in after school results not in more teaching, but only in the teacher getting a black eye.

The comparatively low temperature of Nigeria's political demands at present can largely be explained by the fact that all the leading politicians trust the Governor-General's private assurances that Britain does not intend to delay the granting of independence. The problem which both sides recognize around the London Conference table is that of making a success of independence. It should be admitted at once that this does not mean that the standards set up by the British Colonial Service will be maintained absolutely after independence. They will not be; there



A PILE OF "ZIK" BALLOT BOXES.

will be some increase in corruption (to a level, perhaps, somewhere between Britain in the 18th century and Chicago in the 20th—a considerable increase in the dose from to-day but far from fatal) and some decrease in efficiency. Against this must be measured the fact that for the first time the people will feel fully responsible for their own Government, and that is a psychological relief, and an advance towards becoming adult citizens, which is worth a great deal of sacrifice.

But the real danger is not a decline in standards (the danger of becoming a Liberia is how educated Nigerians somewhat arrogantly describe it), but a break-up of the country's unity. Nigeria has, in fact, only been a unit during the present century—its boundaries are purely British-made, but they, none the less, have obtained a certain economic reality to-day. The railways and the growing network of roads, and even of airlines, have knit the country together so that its disintegration would be an economic disaster. Yet the danger of such a disaster is very considerable, for the fissiparous tendencies of any country are at their strongest during the period of the transfer of power, when

intransigence may so easily win undue rewards for minority groups in the shape of larger slices of power. One of the most potent arguments against prolonging the process of granting independence is the lesson of India, where the thirty years of gradual hand-over finally split the country irrevocably and created the dangerous rivalry of Pakistan and India.

It would not be difficult for the same fate to befall Nigeria. There are already three regions divided by history, tribal origin and religion, to which is added the growing rivalry between the colourful political leaders of these regions. On the coast is the East region, peopled mainly by the Ibo tribe and led by their Prime Minister Azikiwe, and the West region, consisting of Yoruba tribesmen, led by Chief Awolowo; in the interior is the Northern region containing more than half the territory and population of the whole country. Of the 17 million population in the North about 12 million are Muslims, who provide all the leadership of the region. In travelling around this area I was immensely impressed by the fact that Islam provides a civilization wholly in accord with the physical circumstances of the region. The Prophet's Arabs in Hejaz must have lived far more like these Africans than do the present-day Arabs, bloated by oil revenues or a lucrative pilgrim trade. The rules of diet, of personal and political conduct, appear to be surprisingly suitable, even to-day. It is easy to believe that, in the future, this Muslim civilization, which covers the desert heart of Africa, will come to play a vital role both in leading and in uniting at least the Western quarter of the continent, and perhaps the whole North and West.

But at this moment the Muslims in West Africa, and particularly in Nigeria, suffer from a fatal political defect; their education, which used to be so far in advance of their pagan brethren, became frozen in the pattern of learning large chunks of the Koran. To-day, when it is an essential basis of self-government to possess a sufficiency of clerks to operate the bureaucratic machine, the Northern region lacks



Photo: Camera Press.

AT A RECEPTION IN LONDON, MAY 1957: CHIEF AWOLOWO, PREMIER OF WESTERN NIGERIA (RIGHT), DR. AZIKIWE, PREMIER OF EASTERN NIGERIA (CENTRE), CHIEF F. R. A. WILLIAMS (LEFT).

this personnel. In one Northern town I visited I was taken round by the equivalent of the Mayor, a man of great political ability, whose authority was willingly accepted by his proud citizens. But he was illiterate, and so were they. The bureaucracy of the town consisted of three rather scruffy little Yoruba clerks, who hardly measured up to the shoulders of the haughty, hawk-faced Fulani tribesmen. At present the Northern region is determined to prevent immediate self-government for fear that the Yorubas and Ibos will infiltrate and manage their provincial bureaucracy. In 1959, the Northerners estimate, by means of enormous efforts in education, they will just have a sufficiency of clerks and literates to meet their needs.

For the moment, therefore, the race for the leadership of a united Nigeria lies between the East and West regions (the Cameroon Protectorate is too small to be of great significance). The danger is that, unless the Constitution is carefully drawn, this rivalry will not provide a dynamic for Nigeria as a whole, but will simply

lead to feuds which will break up the country. At first sight it might appear that the stage was set for a great Parliamentary battle in the Gladstone-Disraeli tradition between Chief Awolowo—a solid, hard-working able and honest man—and Zik—a mercurial, brilliant, talented author, business-man and politician, whom no one quite trusts except his electorate. But though these two men may dominate the scene in London, they are not in Nigeria alternative leaders who could properly play the Parliamentary game of Ins and Outs. For although they oppose each other the basis of their two parties is not policy but tribalism. It would be impossible to have a Government of Ibos and an Opposition of Yorubas, because no amount of persuasion or electioneering could alter the balance between them. It is an essential of Parliamentary Government that it shall be easy for electors to change their party; Nigerians cannot change the tribe into which they are born.

In the long run, therefore, Nigeria will only become a properly united State when

the parties cease to be regional and become national, when issues not birth divide their members. This is not a hopelessly distant prospect. Already Zik's N.C.N.C. (National Council of Nigeria and Cameroons) provides the opposition in West Nigeria, where Awolowo's Action Group is Government; and during the recent election campaign in East Nigeria I heard Awolowo speaking almost in Zik's own constituency. But Awolowo, encouraged by the success of his Government in the West, is anxious to retain the regional, and even tribal, distinctions. This is where Azikiwe, with all his unpredictable passions, is fundamentally on the side of progress and unity. He is the originator of modern Nigerian political nationalism, and he still looks more to national independence than to regional supremacy. All the other party leaders and their groups are really only splinters from the main stem of Zik's nationalism. His problem is how to reunite the country behind him. This will not prove easy because Zik is an angular character, quick to offend and take offence. His very brilliance tells against him in a community which has adopted the British preference for not-too-clever politicians. Above all, his smart business deals, which his faithful Ibos forgive but do not approve, are held

against him by the mission-trained intellectual *élite*. The Foster-Sutton Report, which censured him for his conduct in investing public funds in a bank which he had founded, has done him great damage as a leader.

But political memories are short, and an outstanding success—for instance during the working out of the Constitution—could repair much of this damage. What is more important is that Zik has the support of the great majority of young people with political interests in the country. All the Nigerian students who have studied abroad (comparatively few, but of great importance since they are regarded as natural leaders) learnt that they were regarded as Nigerians, not as Ibos or Yorubas or Hausas. They have little use for the tribal and regional jealousies of their parents, and they regard Zik's nationalism as the correct, up-to-date approach to politics. Whoever may take over the control of Nigeria in the next two years, it is these young nationalists who will be ruling it in ten years' time. For this reason it is of great importance that too much should not be given away to the present demands of tribalism. Nigeria is a unit on its way to becoming a nation.

WILLIAM CLARK.

SOME FALLACIES OF NON-INVOLVEMENT

By URSULA BRANSTON

AFTER the Age of Faith, the Age of Reason; after the Age of Reason, must we now speak of the Age of Hypocrisy? This question is forced upon us by signs and portents which almost every day confront the intelligent observer of world events. As ideologies jostle idealisms, clouds of confusion obscure not only the issues but the principles at stake. In this situation it is hardly surprising that the rallying-cries of both sides become virtually interchangeable.

"Non-involvement" is a case in point. It can express pure pacifism, on the one hand, and callous indifference to moral obligations on the other. Like neutralism, it has nothing to do with neutrality; for neutrality, rightly interpreted, demands an unconditional resistance to totalitarianism as staunch as the loyalty pledged by a member of a military alliance or pact. A leading Swiss commentator, putting forward that interpretation recently, said: "Ours is not a neutrality of ethics or con-

SOME FALLACIES OF NON-INVOLVEMENT

science that would prevent us from taking our stand for the cause of the free world, which is our own cause also." Nevertheless, "non-involvement" as a political philosophy is regarded by many well-meaning people in the West—as well as in the East—as a perfect example of practical idealism; combining the high moral flourish of a total abstainer's vow with the prospect of a permanent seat at a table groaning with good things.

It may seem difficult to criticize a line of conduct directed with such apparent simplicity at the basic political necessities: peace and prosperity. But we have only to ask ourselves the question—What sort of peace, and what kind of prosperity?—to detect the real significance of this attitude. It is indeed fraudulent; in essence, the *ohne mich* fallacy. Can it really be contested that nations who consciously deny the need to choose between good and evil, or between the less good and the more or less evil, render themselves liable to the full penalties of the moral law, just as the timid though peace-loving citizen who fails to co-operate with the police is likely to be arraigned before a court of justice and punished as an accessory to the crime?

The attempt to contract out of international obligations is really a nostalgia for the good old days of 19th century individualism, when foreign policy was, so to speak, home-made for each Great Power, and the idea of a community of nations was merely a starry constellation fascinating to political astronomers. Now that the sense of interdependence is rapidly growing (despite all set-backs and reverses) and the corresponding readiness to accept burdens of responsibility for other people's peace and prosperity tends to be taken for granted, the fundamental irrelevance of such a policy as "non-involvement" begins to stand out ever more clearly.

The troubles of the world can no longer be viewed from a bridge, as a spectacle by turns tragic and enthralling. The margin of safety between the innocent bystander and the guilty man has become terribly thin, and there are few who are not acutely aware of the gap between the impotence of the international law-givers

and the power of the international law-breakers. It follows that the primary aim of all civilized peoples must be to close that gap before the primitive instinct of fear prompts a flight from internationalism to nationalism, with the vicious circle starting all over again.

Faced by this threat, "non-involvement" is not a policy at all but an abnegation of responsibility. We see this reflected in the fact that fifteen nations abstained from the UN Resolution calling on Russia to withdraw her forces from Hungary; yet the same nations had all voted for the Resolution calling on the Anglo-French forces to cease their intervention in Egypt. This was the double standard of morality which drew from the Netherlands Foreign Minister, as his country's representative at the United Nations, the following trenchant comment: "The Charter is not a juke-box to be put in motion by inserting a nickel in the slot; it cannot be invoked against Anglo-French action in the Middle East at the same moment as the Soviet Union is suppressing pitilessly and with ruthless force a people's struggle for freedom." But it was so invoked, and every member of the United Nations is involved in the subsequent devaluation of its authority.

It is perfectly understandable that "non-involvement" should prove attractive, at any rate in theory, to the newly-independent Asian and African States whose major domestic preoccupation is technological advancement, for whom the rapid acquisition of industrial know-how takes precedence over political know-why. Both the Soviet Union and the United States have been only too willing to "blind them with science." Indeed, the propaganda emphasis on technological advancement plays a dominant role in Moscow's diplomacy towards the Afro-Asian bloc. By the subtle suggestion that material development will extend with the degree of "non-involvement," the Soviet hope to create the conditions which produce just the sort of vacuum Communism would most quickly fill. In the West, those who seek converts to the concept of a "Third Force" narrow the area of interdepen-

dence and may well find a chasm opening beneath them.

The trouble with moral judgments in politics is that, more often than not, they are snap judgments. On the international plane this produces rigid attitudes and an inflexibility of outlook which gravely handicap both those who adopt them and those who strive to break them down. "Non-involvement," seemingly so innocuous a doctrine, can be in practice as harsh and fanatical as the most extreme sectarianism. Claiming to rise above the human passion for partisanship, exempli-

fied almost daily in every aspect of life, it fosters its own peculiar brand of intolerance, which invariably breeds corruption.

Unlike "disengagement," a political or military decision taken in order to engage elsewhere, "non-involvement" is a *non sequitur*, a self-imposed stalemate. The responsibility remains and cannot be indefinitely evaded. It is common form to say that the world to-day is shaken by a crisis of confidence. Would it not be more true to speak of a crisis of conscience?

URSULA BRANSTON.

IS EISENHOWER LEADING ?

By DENYS SMITH

SOME months ago the question was asked in these pages "Is Eisenhower Slipping?" Since then the picture has changed and the big political question of the day has become "Is Eisenhower Leading?" There was no doubt that earlier in the year Eisenhower's influence both on national policy and with the Republican Party had been declining, though not as much as some people were saying. There is equally no doubt now that Eisenhower is exerting more positive leadership in both domestic and international affairs, though the success he is having is not so great as some of his supporters expected.

The President's twin objectives, which largely influenced his decision to seek a second term despite his heart attack, are to "modernize" the Republican Party and to lay the foundations of world peace. In moving towards these twin goals he is confronted by a coalition of Right-wing Republicans and Democrats who are out to defeat him for different reasons. Then, after they have beaten the President, they will turn and try to defeat each other. The Right-wing Republicans want to get party control into their own hands. They use the term "modern Republican" as though it were an abusive epithet. The Democrats, searching for an issue and realizing that the President and his modern

Republicans had stolen most of the welfare clothes from the Democratic closet, donned the unaccustomed mantle of economy and temporarily joined the Right-wing Republicans.

The main attack in this domestic field was concentrated on the Budget. The President holds that in the world situation as it is to-day the present Budget could be reduced only by dangerously cutting security expenditures or by dropping or cutting back welfare or domestic services "which the people want the Federal Government to perform." It is these welfare features of the Budget which form part of the modern Republican programme.

It was puzzling to Eisenhower's supporters, and no doubt to Eisenhower himself, to find that after winning reelection by a large popular majority he lost his influence with the Republican Party, with Congress and in the country, only a few months after. On domestic matters Congress was not listening to the President, but to the collective voice of the voters who were opposed to the Budget proposals of the President they had so recently overwhelmingly endorsed.

Conflicts between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government are not unusual, and the traditional way

IS EISENHOWER LEADING?

to meet them is to appeal over the heads of Congress to the public in the hope of changing its view and thus indirectly changing the course being followed in Congress. The President addressed the nation in two speeches, on his Budget and on foreign aid. The impact of the first speech was mediocre; of the second quite effective. The Budget cuts are not likely to be restored, but the Foreign Aid Bill will be very much what the President requested.

The President's effort to check the Budget trimming spree came too late and was not followed through. Making a public speech is only part of the customary manoeuvre to bring Congress into line. An indispensable corollary is for the President to resort to realistic methods of political persuasion, to withhold patronage and other favours from his foes and grant them to his supporters. It is also desirable to have organizations and committees ready to channel the amorphous public support, assuming it has been secured, into instruments of pressure on Congress. In this particular case organizations which had supported the President up to the time of the Budget issue—the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers—were on the other side helping to stimulate opposition. The trade unions, occupied with their own internal troubles due to the Senate investigation of union racketeering, provided no adequate counterpoise.

The President was asked at a recent Press conference if he classed himself among the "strong" Presidents, such as the two Roosevelts and Truman, who exerted a strong measure of control over their Party. "I don't believe I would go in for comparisons, thank you," answered Eisenhower, who appeared not to relish the question. He has previously said that he was not the kind of man who stuck out his chin and thumped the table to get his way, but he has also said that he hoped nobody would consider him so namby-pamby that he would not support his friends with more enthusiasm than those who opposed him. But the impression certainly prevails in Congress that the

President temperamentally dislikes using his power to punish and reward. He prefers soft words to the big stick.

While the Budget is the immediate domestic issue, the real battle is for control of the Republican Party. The battlefield is not "the people" to whom Eisenhower appeals, but the Republicans in Congress, who do not worry very much over what a President who cannot succeed himself says to the voters over their heads. On the Budget, as on other issues, the Republicans in Congress have the power to establish the Republican Party's course through the legislative record which they establish; and if the present situation continues it will not be the course of "modern" Republicanism. It is perhaps significant that the most articulate spokesman of modern Republicanism, Arthur Larson, the man who first used the term, is now head of the American Information Agency, and this agency was one of the hardest hit in the economy drive.

It is true that the Republican wing with which Eisenhower is identified has usually been successful in picking the Republican Presidential candidate—Landon, Willkie, Dewey, and finally Eisenhower. But, as Walter Lippmann has noted, the present heir-apparent to the leadership of that wing, Vice-President Nixon, has been behaving "like a submarine in hostile waters," only surfacing very occasionally as though his chief desire were to escape notice. The young Vice-President's political dilemma is that, having climbed to the top of the list of prospective Republican candidates by associating himself as completely as possible with Eisenhower, he cannot give even an appearance of yielding ground to the Right wing. Yet that Right wing is powerful in Congress, appears to have caught the present mood of the country and, even if it could not elect a candidate from its own ranks, could probably block the nomination of any candidate it disliked in 1960.

There was one issue which did sting the President into action of a kind reminiscent of Roosevelt or Truman. For a time it seemed probable that Senate ratification of the Atoms for Peace Treaty was in

danger. This treaty stemmed from the President's address to the United Nations at the end of 1953. Repudiation would not only have been a personal affront to the President, but would have made the United States look ridiculous in the eyes of the world. One of its leading critics was Senator Knowland, the Republican Senate leader, who has Presidential ambitions. Word came from the White House at the critical moment that the President would use all his influence at the Republican Convention in 1960 to block the nomination of any candidate whom he did not regard as acceptable, and that the measuring rod would be the latter's views on foreign policy. The treaty at the time of writing appears to be safe and the President's use of the cruder forms of political influence has undoubtedly played a part in bringing this about.

The President's leadership also appears to be less vigorous than it might be in his own official Executive family. The attitudes and dispositions of his advisers often appear to have set American policy, not those of the President. For over a year the United States held out against British proposals that the Chinese embargo lists should be brought into line with the less severe Russian embargo lists. The United States fought a losing battle in Paris to keep a Chinese differential. When Britain announced that despite American disapproval she would in future treat Chinese trade in the same way as Russian trade, the State Department said it was "most disappointed." Then about a week later the President made it quite clear that he, at least, was not disappointed at all. "Frankly, I don't see as much advantage in maintaining the differential as some people do," he told a Press conference. The people who did see an advantage were Dulles and his Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Walter Robertson.

The main example of the President's recent exercise of leadership has been in the disarmament field. In the past Russia and the United States have been discussing disarmament more than trying to negotiate disarmament. Each has been talking

from irreconcilable positions largely for the purpose of establishing which was to blame for the deadlock. But Stassen, the President's disarmament representative, and Bohlen, until recently Ambassador to Moscow, both became convinced that the Russians really wished to negotiate. The President, despite opposition in other quarters, decided that the United States should meet them halfway. The old idea was that at some point the military strength of the West could be traded for a Soviet withdrawal behind its frontiers. But Bohlen brought back word that relaxation of the Russian hold on Eastern Europe was not negotiable at present, while disarmament might be. To insist on linking a political settlement with disarmament would doom any hope of agreement on the latter. The alternative course was to make a small advance towards agreed disarmament to break the vicious circle. This might help relieve tensions and so by degrees it might be possible to have more and more disarmament till the time arrived when Russia would no longer consider its security threatened if it withdrew from Eastern Europe.

The new American approach to Russia is based on the theory that liberation of Europe can only be brought about by political evolution inside the Iron Curtain, and might come about more easily if Western military pressure on Russia were reduced. The approach is not based on any assumption that Russia can be trusted, for it will be hedged about with safeguards at every stage. It is based upon the assumption that Russia is realistic, that it is feeling the economic strain of matching the West and realizes that atomic war is unthinkable. If peace is at the present time being assured by what has been termed an "atomic stalemate," by creating an expensive arsenal of nuclear weapons which can never be used, would it not be common sense to achieve that stalemate at a lower level of expenditure? The precipitating event in this decision to negotiate was probably the Hungarian rising. The United States possessed nuclear superiority at the time of the rising. Its declared objective was the liberation of the

satellite countries. But it could not use its atomic arms to further its diplomatic policy. To do so might have brought about atomic war which has been ruled out as unthinkable. The traditional purpose of military strength is to back up diplo-

matic policy. If military strength has now become of such a nature that it can produce a stalemate but not achieve any positive results, then it was time to re-examine the basis of and reason for its maintenance.

DENYS SMITH.

GILBERT MURRAY: A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

By ROY HARROD

IN Gilbert Murray we have lost a man not only great in himself, but one who symbolized a phase of our civilization. He was an accomplished Greek scholar and copious author of scholarly work, very learned also over a wide range of literature and thought, a poet, a lecturer *sans pareil*, a lively and polished talker, a politician, courageous on the platform, a pro-Boer in the South African War, important pillar of Liberalism ever since the last century, not against British intervention in 1914, but passionate in the cause of lasting peace, representative of Britain in the League of Nations Assembly in 1924, a very hard worker, normally rising at 5 a.m., an idealist, and a believer in human progress, which was to be achieved by the ancient virtues, of which he was himself a shining embodiment.

It was his son, Basil, who first took me to his home on Boar's Hill in 1920 when I was an undergraduate. Thereafter I frequented the house a great deal. When I had my *viva voce* examination for "Greats," they bade me stay with them for the occasion, and Gilbert Murray lent me his white tie of antique shape, a precious talisman for the examination. Later I was his election agent in three General Elections, when he stood for Parliament (unsuccessfully) for Oxford University.

On meeting him one was struck at once with his dignity, his easy bearing, his graciousness and sweetness. Above all, he had a winning voice and a beautifully modulated enunciation. I believe that a

fine ear could still detect the remains of an Australian accent; it was this slight twang perhaps that saved its very great sweetness from becoming cloying. In his personal conversation what surprised one most, having regard to his wide fame as a high-minded person, was his continuing sense of fun in his comments on men and affairs.

The Murrays were hospitable. But Gilbert was not one of those intellectuals who crave the company of their kind. One might meet sometimes a world-famous statesman or scholar, but generally there was a motley collection of enthusiasts, admirers, refugees, undergraduates being befriended, or just anyone. Thus he usually held the floor. One was only too pleased, because one could then listen to the unbroken flow of his mellifluous humour.

It was a roomy house, with a wide view from Boar's Hill, furnished with moderate comfort and solidity. But, to be frank, it was perfectly hideous. Perhaps that dated the standards of its owners. There was a large clump of azaleas in the garden, which one was taken—too often—to see; they were the only tribute in all the premises to the natural human desire for the beautiful.

I was always rather puzzled by the fact that Murray was associated pre-eminently with Euripides. Philip Guedalla once referred to Murray's "lovely poems, of which Euripides has provided us with so inadequate a Greek translation." Murray's mind was essentially well-ordered,

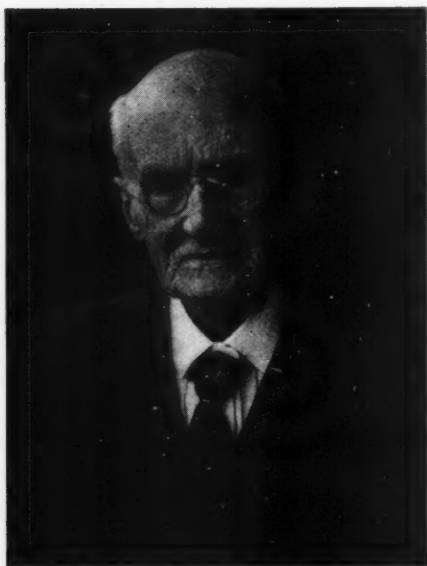


Photo: Allan Chappelow.

THE LATE DR. GILBERT MURRAY, O.M., PHOTOGRAPHED ON JANUARY 1ST, 1956—HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

traditional, hopeful, optimistic; if his thinking had a fault, it was that it was a trifle conventional. In my judgment—but I am not thoroughly well qualified—I can imagine no two minds further apart than those of Murray and Euripides. They were both, indeed, free thinkers, but that alone was hardly a sufficient link. Euripides was unconventional, disorderly, very deep, very sad, and ultimately, surely, a nihilist.

When I tried to puzzle out this problem, it occurred to me that Murray's early associates in the literary, as distinct from the scholarly, world—Bernard Shaw, William Archer, Granville Barker—might have influenced his choice of interests. To meet them, with their modernity and their Ibsens, he, perhaps a little on the defensive as a professor of Greek, might have said: "Look, I bring you from my world someone who is just as bold and emancipated as your heroes—Euripides." Yet that is not a very good ground for choosing a principal interest.

One cannot, or should not, ever think of

Gilbert Murray, without recalling his wife, Lady Mary, the original of Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara*. (Major Barbara's mother was Lady Carlisle, who poured the family port down the sink, and Cusins is Gilbert Murray.) Her whole life was devoted to good causes, often unpopular ones; her heart was open to every appeal from anyone in distress; for decades her house was a haven for refugees. She was brought up a Liberal and a puritan; only on the death of her mother, to whom she had been unwilling to give pain, did she join the Labour Party and the Quakers, where her true sympathies lay. (But Gilbert remained a staunch Liberal and was an agnostic.)

She had a heart of infinite kindness, but was very free with her rebukes and strictures. I once heard Gilbert Murray himself sternly reprimanded. "I remember Bernard Shaw saying," he observed, "what a curious thing it is that you, who are the two sanest people I know in the world, should have the craziest children." She was on to him in a flash in her severest tone. "Gilbert, I won't have you saying such a thing." Many friends suffered from her corrections, if she detected a little bit of worldliness, of humbug, or of anything that fell short of her own high principles. But she had passion, fire, truth, courage and boundless charity. On a human question she often plumbed the depth in a way that made her husband's well-phrased and well-ordered summary sound a little superficial. Of those who knew them both there were many who thought her the greater person. I should not like to pronounce a verdict on that.

In 1925 Gilbert Murray asked me to join him on a fortnight's holiday, to be spent walking on the Aletsch glacier. He was an accomplished mountaineer, I a total novice. He would walk calmly along a razor edge of ice with crevasses yawning on each side, his head high in the air, talking of poetry. I confess that in my fright I more than once had the humiliation of straddle-legging along behind my senior. He was talking of poetry because at that time he was about to give the first lectures in the newly-established Charles Eliot

GILBERT MURRAY: A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Norton (annual) professorship of poetry at Harvard. His idea was to summarize all his lifetime's thinking about poetry. I think he had me out there partly to rehearse his projected lectures as we walked. It was a wonderful experience, amid the grandeurs of mountain scenery and the little streams flowing along channels of blue ice, to hear this scholar and poet giving the quintessence of his ideas on poetry.

I am afraid that it exhilarated me a little too much. For I wanted to go further with him and raise more profound questions about man's destiny and the nature of the soul. Here I was all alone with this great man amid wild nature; I wanted to extract the pearl of his wisdom. I pressed him hard, not resting content with a merely well-phrased answer. A friend told me afterwards that he said of me: "He was very nice, but a little too serious." I could not help taking that criticism, coming from such a man, as in a queer way a compliment.

During our walks I mentioned Keynes, who was in the throes of arranging his marriage with Lydia Lopokova. Murray was shocked. He did not (then) feel that Keynes was any asset to the Liberal Party. I did not open the subject of other members of "Bloomsbury," sensing that it would not be fruitful. Indeed, I had brought a copy of *Mrs. Dalloway* to read in the train on our journey out. Murray was not pleased; he saw nothing to admire in the writings of Virginia Woolf.

On quite a different occasion I dis-

covered that he had not read Waley's translation of the *Tale of Genji*. I made him a present of a volume, hinting that it was a superb masterpiece, depicting a very exquisite civilization. He did not care for it. In commenting, he seemed to be on the defensive, anxious mainly to argue that the Greek civilization was superior to the Japanese. He held that the latter was not sufficiently purposeful and lacked the Greeks' positive concept of virtue. True enough. But in those words I could not help detecting a whiff of the sixth form boy's essay. They were hardly the right approach to an assessment of the Lady Murasaki.

But these are nuances. They were great people, the Murrays; indeed, the very salt of the earth. One might visit them when one's life had been cluttered up with trivial details, routine business, dull chores. One came away with a fuller sense of purpose, more courage, more hope. And that, one has to confess, is rare. They were noble spirits in themselves, but seemed to gain still further power from being so deeply rooted in the civilization in which they were bred. They had strong prejudices, but these provided a framework within which they made their own designs, just as a regular prosody gives power to a poet. When one regards the shapelessness of modern intellectual life, one cannot help wondering whether the civilization of to-day is helping younger aspirants to wield such great influence in the coming days as the Murrays did in theirs.

ROY HARROD.

WHEN SHAW TO SAVAGE SPOKE

By JOHN MOFFETT

EACH morning of the school week in New Zealand large lorries rumble up to the gates of every school, and wire cages, filled with half-pint bottles of milk, are unloaded—one for each child.

Later, at morning break, New Zealand's plump and well-fed young are to be seen

sedulously sucking through straws the pasteurized products of the country's cows.

In the course of a year £500,000 in free milk goes down the gullets of the children. Whether they need this extra sustenance no one would dare to question—least of

4 Whitehall Court, London S.W. 1, 5/7/29

If my portrait is really unobtainable
in New Zealand I think I shall go and
live there.

G. Bernard Shaw.

SHAW'S CHARACTERISTIC ANSWER TO A NEW ZEALAND ADMIRER WHO, FIVE YEARS BEFORE HIS VISIT, REQUESTED AN AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT.

all the Government, which has to find the money for the mass ingurgitation. What any Government has given to the New Zealander in the way of something-for-nothing, no succeeding Government would incur the wrath of the community by taking away.

Amid the blessings which Bernard Shaw visited upon mankind the New Zealand milk-in-schools scheme may seem too mundane to be counted in philosophic terms; and it is certainly as equivocal as his attempt to reform the English language. But this at least can be said of it, that his brief visit here in 1934 has now cost the nation about £4.5 millions. That, it must be allowed, is quite a sizeable achievement to credit to a theoretical Fabian-cum-Communist upon the material level.

It all started when Mr. Shaw made his broadcast at the end of his New Zealand visit—a broadcast, be it said, which was specially exempted from the censorious attentions which the then Broadcasting Board (and the present State-operated N.Z.B.S.) bend upon wireless talks.

He opened characteristically with a

salute to Shavianism: "Hullo, North Island, South Island, and all the places I haven't been to! Bernard Shaw talking to the Universe!"

What he said thereafter was not, one has to allow in perusing the yellowed newsprint cuttings of the verbatim report, either very witty or particularly acute. For Mr. Shaw, in holiday mood and surrounded at all times by political admirers of the Left, who had their own fish to fry, and by intellectual devotees who very properly knew nothing about politics or economics, was not well informed. This did not, of course, impede his flow of words. He was to speak for twenty minutes: he spoke for half an hour, and nobody at the Broadcasting Board had the courage to turn him off. He discussed the unemployment, then current, and said it should not be; he said we should complete a main trunk railway line to nowhere in particular; he derided the universities as being run in the interests of the Church of England (only those living in Presbyterian Dunedin, which gave birth to the New Zealand university system, can know how wide this ball went); he advised us to

WHEN SHAW TO SAVAGE SPOKE

eat, not export, the produce on exporting which our economic life depends; and he praised our Communistic institutions as making us, next to Russia, the leader in world civilization.

All this, no doubt, was very good fun, if only he had not got on to milk. He had a lot to say about milk, and most of it nonsense; but he insisted that we should give it away to the population, free and freely.

In the next year after Mr. Shaw's visit, but not necessarily as a consequence of it, the first Socialist Government was installed. At its head was Michael Joseph Savage, a naïve, do-gooding, prejudiced and only less than saint-sized demagogue, and leading him was Peter Fraser, Scottish ambassador extraordinary from the grim waterfronts of the Old World to the oppressed masses of the New.

Give them milk. It was no sooner said than done, and so, as we have seen, the essence of Shaw's dialectics was translated into the millions of gallons of fat-reduced milk which has helped to lubricate the not-so-parched throats of two decades of New Zealand hopefuls since.

On the benefits of that nobly-purposed design the voice of the Health Department, which is careful never to utter a word against it, can now be heard. Remark that many school lunches are adequate in quantity but "grossly deficient in quality," owing to parental indifference or ignorance, the department concludes that "there are good reasons for continuing the milk-in-schools scheme, as it does ensure that the children receive a modicum of protein, calcium and other mineral salts." It does, in fact, repair such dietary deficiencies as the New Zealand child may suffer through having selected its parents carelessly.

What were the other fruits of a visit which Shaw himself wryly described as a triumph? Those who were sunning on a beach inappropriately called Mount Maunganui upon a certain summer afternoon had the satisfaction of seeing the septuagenarian sage sporting in the surf, clothed, not inappositely, in a bright red bathing suit. (Is it to the credit of our

tame and timid brand of pervasive Socialism that when he left these shores his garb had changed colour to, according to a wide-eyed female journalist, "zip-fastened jersey, dull pink trousers"?)

For the rest, he provided his usual type of provocative entertainment—and at all times and in all places, tirelessly and charmingly. That he gave people cause to re-think their way of living must be doubted, though he did mention in his broadcast that no New Zealander should work more than four hours a day—and New Zealanders are working very hard at confirming that prescription.

He had expressed a wish to see while he was here a wood-chopping contest. This is the star turn at back-country sports meetings. It requires a line of incredibly-muscled timber workers in pink undershirts and socks (and, of course, appropriate trouserings) to stand on logs and hack through them at a point midway between their feet. It is a nervy and impressive performance, as the razor-sharp axes swing and the great gobbets of wood fly.

The way to this particular contest was along one of our remaining fourth-class roads, than which there can be few worse in the world—a single-width mud and shingle track deeply rutted by the wheels of heavy trucks. The car in which Shaw was riding met one of these trucks, laden with tree trunks, and there was stalemate. While his chauffeur and the truck driver exchanged shouted pleasantries Shaw put his head out of the car window, proffering advice. "Go boil your head, Father Christmas," the truck driver called. "You may know all about reindeer, but you don't know this bloody lorry!"

Thinking back over that far-off visitation, the accelerated rate of Fabian Socialism and the oceans of milk that he left in his wake, we might reflect that the truck driver spoke symbolically.

Shaw didn't understand much about our small democracy, but such limitations have never stopped reformers from giving expensive advice.

JOHN MOFFETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

RHODESIAN FEDERATION

From Lt.-Col. H. R. Pelly.

SIR,

If Colonel Sir Charles Ponsonby (whose letter on the subject of Central African Federation was published in *The Times* of June 7) believes that "the unhealthy atmosphere of political bitterness" or "old political animosities and arguments" are likely to end so long as the pace of African political advancement in the Federation is regulated to suit the convenience of a European minority, he must be living in a fool's paradise. He has found that the rising generation of Africans in the Federation are "intelligent, keen to learn and proud of their country." Their questions on world affairs "could not have been bettered in an intelligent English constituency." It is these young men and women, he rightly says, who "in business, industry and the professions, are going to make the Federation of the future." How then can he expect that such people will rest content with a position of political, and even social, inferiority, when they see countries like Ghana and Nigeria, on the other side of the continent, becoming independent, democratic, African nations, on a par with the nations of Europe, while they themselves are forced to lag behind merely because they have the "misfortune" to have in their midst a few thousand European settlers? These people are firm in their resolve to become an independent African State. They are not inhibited by fear. If, as Sir Charles seems to think, "the cause of all the trouble is fear," then the fear must be on the European side. Might it not vanish were they to face the fact that, in the world as it exists to-day, the idea of a white aristocracy in Africa is a vain dream, and that the political status of Africans can no longer be regulated to advance just as far and as fast as Europeans think fit? Europeans need have no fear that they will be "submerged" in an African State (as the Federation is bound to become) provided they continue to be of service to the community. Alien minorities have prospered in many lands. The Jews, surely, are a classic example.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. R. PELLY.

Edgar Road,
Winchester.
June 9, 1957.

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one for a political, one for a literary, essay; the subjects are:

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BOOKS NEW AND OLD

A QUIVER OF LIVES*

By ERIC GILLET

NO more agreeable or charming book has appeared this month than Mr. Leigh Fermor's enchanting account of his nibbles at monastic life. "Enchanting" may seem to be an odd word to use about such an austere subject, but Mr. Leigh Fermor, who is not a Roman Catholic, seems to have felt impelled to take up residence for months on end in the beautiful Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille, near Rouen. "I was hindered," he writes, "by several disabilities from sharing to the utmost all the advantages a stranger may gain from monastic sojourns." He admits that he was later profoundly affected by the places he has described with so much feeling in such excellent prose.

In the monasteries he visited, the author confesses that he found "much of the healing and mysterious enchantment for which, among other purposes, monasteries were built." The destruction of the English abbeys at the Reformation inspires one of the finest descriptive passages:

We know the function and purpose of every fragment and the exact details of the holy life that should be sheltering there. We know, too, the miserable and wanton story of their destruction and their dereliction, and have only to close our eyes for a second for the imagination to rebuild the towers and the pinnacles and summon to our ears the quiet rumour of monkish activity and the sound of bells melted long ago. They emerge in the fields like the peaks of a vanished Atlantis drowned four centuries deep. The gutted cloisters stand uselessly among the furrows and only broken pillars mark the former symmetry of the aisles and ambulatories. Surrounded by elder-flower, with their bases entangled in bracken and blackberry and bridged at their summits with arches and broken spandrels that fly spinning over the tree tops in slender trajectories, the clustering pillars suspend the great empty circumference of a rose-window in the rook-haunted sky. It is as though some tremendous Gregorian chant had been interrupted hundreds of years ago to hang there petrified at its climax ever since.

Mr. Leigh Fermor's own response to the quiet communal life he shared are among the best passages in the book. He shows how he felt himself to have been snatched up from

artistic circles in Paris and locked up in a catacomb. He could not sleep for a few days. An extreme lassitude possessed him at first, only to give way to regular sleep and the desire to work. (He was writing a book at the time.)

The accumulation of tiredness, Mr. Leigh Fermor feels, is the common property of all our contemporaries. The change to the monastic regime is so immense that the place becomes a kind of silent university.

In an age of unceasing noise and distraction *A Time to Keep Silence* is a tract for the turbid times, a plea for occasional excursions into the contemplative life. Mr. Leigh Fermor's fastidious prose has never been more happily used than it is here. Writing of St. Basil, he says that there is a mood of humanity and simplicity in his work "that brings its message of tranquillity to quieten the mind and compose the spirit." This is exactly what I feel about *A Time to Keep Silence*.

The great vogue of *A Shropshire Lad*, which lasted forty years or so, has ended although A. E. Housman's three small books of poems still have their staunch admirers. Legend and Senior Common Room gossip

* *A Time to Keep Silence*. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. Murray. 15s.

A. E. Housman: A Divided Life. By George L. Watson. Hart-Davis. 25s.

Leftover Life to Kill. By Caitlin Thomas. Putnam. 18s.

Testament of Experience. By Vera Brittain. Gollancz. 21s.

They Hanged My Saintly Billy. By Robert Graves. Cassell. 21s.

On Timeless Shores. By C. C. Vyvyan. Peter Owen. 18s.

Pegasus and Other Poems. By C. Day Lewis. Cape. 10s. 6d.

The Sense of Movement. By Thom Gunn. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Signpost. 18th Edition. By W. G. McMinnies. Larby. 12s. 6d.

Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack, 1957. Sport- ing Handbooks. 16s.

established the poet as a formidable figure, given to long silences and a solitary existence livened occasionally by convivial and expensive luncheons and devastating retorts.

It has fallen to an American writer, Mr. George L. Watson, to unveil the mystery of a strange man's life and to fashion from scanty material a very fair idea of an enigmatic personality. Mr. Watson writes with confidence. Perhaps he is inclined to state as fact what can only be conjecture, but on the whole he is extremely reasonable, giving a faithful account, whenever possible, of what Housman did and thought, and drawing what are usually sound and are invariably interesting conclusions.

Housman's education at Bromsgrove and at St. John's College, Oxford, where he went as a scholar, ended in comparative disaster. The trouble has been attributed to Housman's hero-worship of a rowing blue called Moses Jackson, who seems to have been mystified by the poet's sentimental approaches. It is rather difficult to believe that this can have been so, in view of Housman's extraordinary reticence. At any rate, Housman did not get a "First," and took up residence in London with Jackson and his younger brother. The two friends went to work at the Patent Office. It should be emphasized that Housman's home life was unhappy. His mother was dead. His father, a drunkard, had married again, and the only permanent element seemed to be the lodgings he shared with the two brothers and the illusion of a home they created for him.

During the years Housman spent at the Patent Office he continued his own classical work in emending Propertius, contributed to the learned journals and, after he had moved to solitary lodgings at Highgate, applied for and obtained the Chair of Latin at University College, London, ten years after he had come to London. It is typical of him that when he presented his credentials to the appointing body, he wrote that he had "failed to obtain honours in the Final School of Litteræ Humaniores." This confession was accompanied by seventeen emphatic testimonials by the foremost classical scholars of the day. From this time forward Housman continued to deliver rather arid and intimidating lectures, occupied most of his time on his great edition of Manilius and in walks in the Highgate Woods and on Hampstead Heath. Occasionally he went abroad, but he retired more and more into his own shell. No one knew that in 1895 he had practically

completed the text of *A Shropshire Lad*, with its magical evocation of an imaginary region, conveniently but inaccurately described as Shropshire.

It was about this time that he met the young publisher, Grant Richards, and a Housman's curious arrangement with him, which brought Housman practically no money at all, enabled the publisher, who believed in him, to spend a certain amount of money in advertising and in small reprints which eventually established the little book as a strong competitor to the Rubaiyat.

Years later, when Housman had obtained the Chair of Latin at Cambridge, he went to live in the dark honeycomb of Whewell's Court in Trinity College. Here he was forced into some kind of social life, and here he lived and worked until his death in 1936 when he was seventy-six.

Mr. Watson has performed a difficult task very cleverly. *A. E. Housman: A Divided Life* is sympathetic, always readable, and if he has not succeeded in explaining his enigma he does present him as a credible and interesting person, whose only real woman friend seems to have been his governess.

If Mr. Watson's biography can be praised as a model of restraint, what can one say about *Leftover Life to Kill*, a volume of mostly autobiographical reminiscences by the widow of Dylan Thomas. Both the poet and Mrs. Thomas have suffered already at the hands of Mr. Malcolm Brinnin. When I reviewed Mr. Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America* I said that I thought it was a very great pity that the three Thomas children, one of them only four at the time, should grow up to read Mr. Brinnin's uninhibited account of their father's alcoholic progress in the United States and of Mrs. Thomas's behaviour at his death bed.

Leftover Life to Kill has already received highly critical notices, one of them aptly entitled *Widow's Weeds*. Mrs. Thomas has no scruples in setting down her own extravagant, promiscuous behaviour in a bleak winter spent on a Mediterranean island where she went with her small son soon after Dylan Thomas's death. She is swift to condemn her own completely selfish and irresponsible antics. The merit of her book lies in a truly artistic attempt to set down without fear or favour exactly how and why she behaved as she did. If the book could have been withheld for fifty years and then published, it might have been hailed as a small masterpiece. To publish it to-day is an offence

A QUIVER OF LIVES

against good taste. Mrs. Thomas can write fiercely, honestly and with enormous vitality. She will probably live to regret bitterly that she allowed Messrs. Putnam to publish this book now.

Miss Brittain's *Testament of Youth* is one of the few books about the First World War which continues to sell to-day. Its successor, *Testament of Experience*, is the autobiographical story of the years 1925 to 1950. She is a tireless advocate of every cause she believes in. Her life is a whirl of writing, lecturing, speaking and travelling. Dick Sheppard invited Miss Brittain to become a sponsor of the Peace Pledge Union. She is one of the few English women who are moved to action by things that happen abroad. She writes with an entire lack of self-consciousness about her own family circle. At the end of the last war she asked whether we, our allies and enemies, had learnt any lesson from this conflict. The third part of the book tells how, in the author's view, the spirit of conciliation and of positive goodness has been kept alive up to the present time by attempts at rebuilding the devastated areas and by helping civilians who suffered through no fault of their own. She has visited Holland, America, Germany and India, where she met Gandhi's family soon after his assassination.

No one will be able to deny the author's passionate desire to help unfortunates, and her profound belief in the existence of God. *Testament of Experience* is likely to provoke and irritate many readers who will not approve of Miss Brittain's methods. No one will be able to deny the author's immense sincerity and her integrity of purpose.

Mr. Graves shares with Mr. Priestley the respectable claim for a man of letters that he works steadily almost all the time. Mr. Graves's versatility is great. He is able to contribute to *Punch* or write poetry with equal competence and assurance. His historical fiction is acclaimed by Penguin readers. In fact he has many talents, but I confess I was surprised to find him turning up as the new biographer of Dr. William Palmer, who was hanged for poisoning at Rugeley. It was Palmer's mother who remarked after his death, *They Hanged My Saintly Billy*, which gives the book its odd title. It was a strange thing to say about a forger, abortionist, racehorse doper, and general criminal, who on the evidence seems to have poisoned fourteen people. Mr. Graves will not admit this. Telling his story with a contemporary slant he has written a lively, exciting book. I am

sure Palmer's skittish old mother would have enjoyed it.

Lady Vyvyan has deserted her Cornish river for an Irish holiday, or rather for recollections of numerous Irish holidays, and once again she reveals her own ability to capture the unexpected and unlikely, to indulge her great sense of beauty and to make shrewd, unconventional comments on places and people. Some of the stories the Irish told her are among the best things of the kind I have ever read. *On Timeless Shores* is at least as good and as entertaining as anything the author has written, and she is among the best travel writers of her day.

Mr. Day Lewis's *Pegasus and Other Poems* is divided into three parts. I think he was right to begin with the four poems based on Greek legends. Like every other poem in this collection, they show the poet on the happiest terms with himself. There is no sense of effort or of strain. Mr. Day Lewis seems to have reached a period when he is master of his medium. His quality is evident. He approaches his subjects with a confident mastery that is as assured as it is rewarding. *Pegasus and Other Poems* is vintage Day Lewis. It will give very much pleasure to lovers of poetry.

Mr. Gunn's second book of verse, *The Sense of Movement*, shows a considerable advance on his *Fighting Terms*. He is still at his best when he treats his subject in simple terms, as in *Before the Carnival* or *At the Back of the North Wind*. Sometimes he allows himself to be tricked into obscurity. This does not occur often. Here is a young poet of great promise. If Mr. Gunn continues to think honestly and disciplines himself into consistent clarity of expression, he should have a notable contribution to make to English poetry.

Two agreeable reminders of summer are just out. One is Mr. McMinnies' *Signpost*, which he calls an intimate and independent guide to pleasant ports of call in Britain, the Channel Isles, Orkney and Scilly. It seems to be better, fuller and more lavishly illustrated, with many of the plates in colour, than ever. I think it is far the best of the various guides to the hotels and inns of the areas that Mr. McMinnies has visited in his endless quest for good food, drinkable wine and comfortable beds. No traveller should be without it.

Wisden for 1957 is also bulkier and, if possible, better than ever. Neville Cardus writes about Laker. He also contributes a

long article on C. B. Fry. Mr. Cardus has better qualifications than anyone else to value Charles Fry's extraordinarily varied conversation. Among the other special features is Mr. D. R. Jardine's appreciation of Stuart Surridge, whom he calls "Surrey's inspiration." Mr. Constantine describes how West Indies cricket grew up, and Mr. A. W. Ledbrooke commemorates the centenary of Old Trafford. As usual, Wisden is indispensable.

ERIC GILLET.

HOW BRAINS ARE WASHED

BATTLE FOR THE MIND. By William Sargant.
William Heinemann. 25s.

IF we focus on man's history exclusively from the emotional angle we seem to register little change from the post-diluvian debauch of Noah to Huxley's experimental mysticism through intoxication with Mescaline. To-day, even our capacity to learn is claimed to have its anchorage in the same brain activities as Pavlov disclosed in his dogs. Pavlov's classical experiments demonstrated that learning was in part achieved by the conditioning of the simplest inborn reflexes by association with an accompanying stimulus. Through further associations more complex relations were established. These conditioned responses could be obliterated, new inhibitions resulted and, furthermore, other patterns of conditioned behaviour could supplant those already established. Dr. Sargant's experiences with the neuroses of war brought home to him the similarity of the experimentally imposed behaviour of animals and the behaviour of soldiers disturbed by the conditions of combat. Observing also the hysterical states in psychiatric practice, the effects of shock therapy, drug intoxication and suggestibility under privation and other emotional stresses, a spark was struck in his mind that here too was a possible explanation of the changes achieved by religious conversion and changes under various forms of duress which political fanaticism had seemingly imposed upon its victims.

The challenging advances of brain physiology have made it difficult to deny the relationship between the brain and all mental processes from the simplest choice and avoidance behaviour of animals to the higher activities of man. To the layman, however, it is a far cry from the salivating dogs of Pavlov's experiments to the yearning of saints; from the terror-stricken neurotic to the ecstasies of Revivalists and those who, through long

cogitation in tranquillity, have arrived at new and widening vistas in the march of science, religion, art and politics.

Moreover, the methodologist of science might well enquire: Are these comparisons more than analogies? Are the patterns of the highest kind merely in an additive sense the product of those simplest reflexes that have gone before? It is doubtful whether Pavlov would have confined an explanation of higher functions to his unitary reflex patterns. The more complex orders of higher behaviour seem to act as wholes having, as it were, a life of their own; if not self-derived, at least self-maintained until distress breaks them down to their simplest components. Here Dr. Sargant is on safe ground, but only if he focuses our attention on the fact that in war neurosis and in religious conversion we are witnessing reactions to stress, to panic or to intimidation, however subtly imposed. Indeed, the social psychologists, Le Bon and Tarde, made it clear that suggestibility played a dominant part in the psychology of the crowd when under the influence of emotionally changed ideas. Intelligence is subordinated to emotion; contagion of ideas spreads with alarming ease and rapidity. The commanding ideas of a leader sensing the emotional needs of his crowd, are adopted with conviction only by those who are already awaiting a call to action and belief through anger, hope, resentment or projected guilt.

Mind cannot be explained in terms of one basic function. We can be deluded, as were the older physiologists, by the *ohne Phosphor keine Gedanke*. Indeed, in his terminal chapter, the author seems to recant in admitting the validity of religious beliefs and other deep and time-honoured convictions slowly developing through cultural history. Nevertheless, there are many valuable lessons to be learned from this book, not only in its arguments, but through the limitations we notice in them.

The cultural history of man has developed through the interplay of emotional and intellectual forces whether they operate in political or religious institutions, and the ordinary man and woman is not, as Dr. Sargant alleges, more suggestible and therefore more vulnerable than the neurotic and the mentally disordered. It is true that the so-called normal man is a dark horse and, when stress and intimidation are his lot, he may fall a victim to the kind of insidious mental assault of which brain-washing is so ominous a modern example.

HOW BRAINS ARE WASHED

The fact that the implanted patterns of the brain-washed die out and the older, slowly acquired patterns ultimately prevail, counters Dr. Sargant's argument that the conditioned responses of crises can be used in eradicating the old and imposing the new in all phases of life, and not merely in the emergency situations of political crisis and religious conversion. Robert Grove's entertaining chapter on brain-washing during classical antiquity merely amplifies and underlines some of the facts in Dr. Sargant's thesis.

Despite its one-sided approach, Dr. Sargant's book is timely and sounds a warning note on the dangers inherent in the misuse of brain physiology by those with fanatical motives.

EMANUEL MILLER.

CRIME DID NOT PAY

THE ROYAL AFRICAN COMPANY. By K. G. Davies. *Longmans*. 42s.

THERE has been so much moral and emotional writing about the slave traffic that it is quite a jolt to be reminded that it was, in its time, quite a matter-of-fact commercial venture. The company with which this scholarly book is concerned was given a monopoly by charter in 1672 to trade with the West African coast, principally in slaves. It was a joint-stock company, one of the great forerunners of modern commerce, with a very distinguished list of shareholders headed by King Charles II. It was a huge and difficult undertaking, involving trade with three continents—Africa, Britain and the West Indies—with fitful communications and appalling staff problems. We have been in the habit of assuming that the slave traffic was an immensely profitable affair, which made all the risks and moral opprobrium worth while; but the extraordinary lesson of this book is that the slave trade, in the forty years with which this book deals, was a financial flop.

Indeed, after reading all the fascinating evidence which Mr. Davies has unearthed from the Public Record Office, it is difficult to see why anyone undertook such a complicated trade. Mr. Davies treats his unpleasant subject with admirable historical dispassion; "losses began at once," he says, discussing the wastefulness of the slave-ships, "with the mortality of slaves on the Middle Passage, a subject which has (properly) been chiefly considered in terms other than economic." The average death rate in the Middle Passage between 1650 and 1688 was 23½ per cent.—

a very serious financial loss. Even when the slaves arrived in the West Indies the planters could not afford to pay for them because of the fluctuating sugar prices, and ran up enormous unpaid debts to the Company. The West African side of the business was hardly better, with constant competition and war with the rival European trading nations, and very little supervision of book-keeping and accounts. "Lament you may," wrote a Cape Coast agent to the London office, "without you send over people fitting to do it, for what by sickness and mortality in this damn'd cursed country we have hardly any People that are able to put pen to paper that understand anything."

There were always difficult situations with the local native leaders; there was no English Army, and trading operations were carried out either from ships or from the coast castles; it was, in fact, in some ways the kind of purely commercial or would-be-commercial imperialism to which we are now, after an interval of deeper ambitions, returning.

After forty years in which it transported 100,000 slaves and sent more than 500 ships to Africa, the R.A.C. eventually lost its monopoly and was superseded by private traders, who were, with all their snags, more efficient than the great bureaucratic monopoly. The nature and workings of the monopoly, and the development of the joint-stock company is one of Mr. Davies's main themes. He has assembled an astonishingly complete and detailed picture of this 17th-century octopus. With an austere and thorough approach, he gives a totally new view of the cogs of commerce behind the flashy imperial adventurers.

ANTHONY SAMPSON.

EXPENSIVE NONSENSE

THE UNCERTAIN ALLY. By John Biggs-Davison, M.P. *Christopher Johnson*. 15s.

MR. BIGGS-DAVISON is truly, as the blurb states, "one of the more independent-minded and outspoken of our younger M.P.s." As one of the eight Tory Members who resigned from the Parliamentary Party as a protest against the Suez "surrender," he gives an intellectual gloss to a faction which, with the exception of Mr. Angus Maude, is not particularly distinguished in that field. This book is presumably intended as an apologia for Mr. Biggs-Davison and his colleagues, and as such it will be read with the greatest interest, for whether one likes it or

not the point of view which the Suez Group expresses is one that has a large following in the country, and is by no means confined to the Right wing of the Conservative Party.

Despite a thoroughly misleading title, the book is an all-out attack on the United States. One ground which the author chooses for his attack is American trade policy, and this is a good one. A lot of criticism can and should be directed against the American policy of rigid protection at home while encouraging free trade for everyone else, and if Mr. Biggs-Davison had stopped there—or even extended that particular thesis by bringing in such matters as the award of contracts to American firms despite lower foreign bids—he would have been doing good service.

Unfortunately, he tries to apply the undoubted hypocrisy of American trade policy to all other aspects of American policy, and one of the main themes of his book is that really there is very little to choose between the United States and the Soviet Union. In pursuit of this theory, he prays in aid some astonishing arguments. He draws a parallel between the United States and Russia which will open many people's eyes. For instance, the fact that in both countries there is an area called Georgia which has been ravaged by the central Government is advanced, apparently quite seriously, as proof that they are really much of a muchness.

In developing his argument, the author gets involved in distortion and even downright untruth. An instance of the first is his statement that "in March 1947 the United States relieved Great Britain of her responsibilities towards Greece and Turkey," thereby, as he says, extending American interest to the Eastern Mediterranean. The implication is that we were shouldered out of the way, whereas in fact we specifically asked the United States Government to take over responsibility for this area, as we were unable to fulfil our commitments there.

A more serious example of the second is contained in his very brief account of the Suez crisis. "On the following day [October 30] the majority of the United Nations Security Council called on Israel immediately to withdraw her forces behind the established armistice lines and on all nations to abstain from the use of force or the threat of force against Egypt. Words without deeds! Britain and France vetoed this resolution and issued twelve-hour ultimatums"—i.e., we only acted after the UN had failed to act. But, in fact, the Anglo-French ultimatum was delivered before the Security Council even met, a very

different thing. And on this occasion the Council was not so ineffective, either.

It is a pity that Mr. Biggs-Davison has spoiled a potentially good, though strictly limited, case with such fustian. The book is written in an excited, even hysterical, style, with capital letters appearing in the oddest places. And it is a bit much that a book of less than 200 pages, not very well produced, with no index or bibliography, should be sold at 15s. No wonder there is always a crisis in the book trade.

PETER KIRK.

Novels

HALF OF A STORY. Jean Morris. *Cassell* 15s.

THE SANDCASTLE. Iris Murdoch. *Chatto and Windus*. 15s.

ANGEL. Elizabeth Taylor. *Peter Davies*. 15s.

THALIA. Frances Faviell. *Cassell*. 15s.

THE FRIENDS. Godfrey Smith. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV. John Steinbeck. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

THE WARDEN OF GREY'S. David Emerson. *Hutchinson*. 12s. 6d.

AT HEART A KING. Alice Harwood. *The Bodley Head*. 18s.

HER second book firmly establishes Jean Morris, though *Half of a Story* is by no means easy reading. Not only is its prose style heavily charged, at times almost obscure, but its reader must be attentive, lest through preoccupation with moods and emotions he overlooks events that are significant in the story's development. (The first thirty or so pages are "difficult," but patience is well rewarded.) Its mainspring is a brilliant climber's collapse with T.B. on the eve of a Himalayan expedition—the period is just before World War II. This man Seton meets in the sanatorium a German doctor whose brother was his boyhood friend, and who now plays an important part in the sick man's self-discovery under the compulsion of his ailment, the pettinesses of sanatorium life, and love of a girl who is something more than a fellow-patient. As his outlook and even character change, Seton, formerly self-sufficient to the point of arrogance, but now involved willy-nilly in the complications of the German's life, learns that a man cannot live unto himself alone. This is the barest outline of a book remarkable both for its insight into and presentation of complex or simple

Novels

characters and for the sureness of its description of the strange community in which it is set.

In comparison Iris Murdoch's latest book seems simplicity itself. It is thoroughly readable, and it displays its author's competence by the smooth ease with which its moods change—in one notable case from the ridiculous to the tense. Its setting is a goodish public school, but it is not a school story. Mor is a master with a leaning towards politics, a nagging wife, and a son and a daughter well into their teens. He proceeds to fall in love with Rain, a young artist who comes to paint the portrait of the ex-headmaster, Mor's friend. His love is returned, and the couple decide to run away. This, with an ending hinted at by the title of *The Sandcastle*, is the gist of an attractive novel which just fails of its full effect because, lively as is its character-drawing, the reader is not made acutely conscious, as he should be, of the intensity of the passion which must have possessed Mor and Rain. The characters by the way include a superfluous lay-figure apparently meant to be symbolic of something.

Elizabeth Taylor's previous novel, as I recall it, seemed to me too cool an exercise in skilful character-study. I welcome the rich gusto of her latest—the story of a provincial grocer's daughter, a self-centred romancer from her school days, who develops a literary style (and self-assurance) that leaves Ouida and Amanda Ros nowhere, and makes her a figure of critics' fun and a fabulous best-seller. There is extravagant fantasy as well as irony and simple comedy, but the story seldom lingers beyond the bounds of credibility and there is a genuine pathos in both the love story and the end of *Angel*. It speaks volumes for the author that she makes it easy to share the affection which not only the hero-worshipping companion but also the efficient publisher feel for this strange monster.

Frances Faviell's book might almost as well be called *Rachel as Thalia*, for it is the two girls' story. The elder, an attractive eighteen-year-old art student, is dumped (*au pair*, so to say) upon a Mrs. Pemberton, who is sojourning in Dinard with her unattractive adolescent daughter Thalia and her spoilt little son; a good-looking grass-widow, this Mrs. Pemberton, who misses the handclapping domestic amenities of India. Needless to say, Rachel (who incidentally has a knack of making unwise friendships) inspires in Thalia devotion and then, when she herself falls unhappily in love with a young Frenchman, jealousy. It is obvious that an all-round-

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The Times Literary Supplement

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Fritz Saxl 1890-1948

a volume of memorial essays from his friends in
England edited by

D. J. GORDON

Fritz Saxl was Director of the Warburg Institute and Professor of the History of the Classical Tradition, University of London. The growth of the study of the history of art in this country was due predominantly to him and he was one of the first to show its importance in the wider field of humane studies in general. These essays, contributed by experts in the different fields, are representative of the many facets of his interests.

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36 Park Street London W1

happy-ending is unlikely, but the extent of the tragedy in which it all culminates is unexpected and so excessive as almost to give a sense of anti-climax. Most of the important characters are female and they are well drawn, especially in that we see them through Rachel's eyes and only gradually realize how fallible is her judgment. The Dinard background is effective.

Ladies first; now for a male author or two.

Godfrey Smith conveys his meanings and portrays his persons with admirable economy of words. *The Friends* is told from the standpoint of Skeyne, a mediocre but successful politician of the Left. He and his four great friends from university days (the toughest of them now his rival for leadership) were the chosen hopes of a political-manipulative don. Whether they are failures or successes is part of what the reader has to decide, whilst Skeyne faces a particular problem—whether to throw up his career and his wife to go off with an American girl, who is perhaps meant to be the book's idealist. Here is crisp, spirited reading, and a nice blend of character and incident; but the sketch of political life is immature, and Skeyne and his problem (oh yes, and his notions of cricket) are unconvincing.

John Steinbeck has taken time off to poke fun at that much misunderstood French "political instability" and at American business methods. It is perhaps a pity that he chose such familiar themes (*plus* such others as the *Folies Bergères*) as the target of his humorous satire. However, his hypothesis is entertaining—the agreement of all the multifarious political groups that monarchy is the thing, and the only acceptable monarch an amiable amateur astronomer who is Charlemagne's descendant. But Pippin has too much sense to make a suitable job of it, nor does his American would-be son-in-law, heir to an egg king, greatly help him; but before *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* is over we have had lots of fun and shrewd sense, together with some excesses of improbability. And I was left regretting once again my loss of my copy of Frank Richardson's *The Secret Kingdom*.

David Emerson's is an unpretentious story of life in a London hospital a century ago—or rather of the infatuation of the stiff-necked *Warden of Grey's* for his seductive young sister-in-law. Perhaps the infatuation would not have mattered so much if Lusie had not exercised her charm so widely, with the result that David Stanway's feelings became very public property, and that he had to resign his post and abandon the road to fame and for-

tune; which is not to say that the book, always sentimentally inclined, has an unhappy ending. It would be unjust to an efficient narrative to label it pastiche; rather, its values are created by the faithfulness with which it follows the conventions of its period and setting.

Lastly an historical novel—or is it? I was brought up to believe that James Stuart, bastard half-brother to Mary Queen of Scots (and a dull man in a gaudy period) was not at all loath to be regent in default of kingship, or to see Mary's fortunes fade. Alice Harwood takes a very different view of him, showing him as *At Heart a King*, but protectively loyal to the Queen. This may be right; a novel is not the place for citation of references and so forth. I confess that my hesitation over that word "historical" was heightened by an uncertainty in the author how far to endow her characters with modern turns of speech and even modern modes of thought. I must add (to drop into her occasional idiom) that at most this is a half-length portrait, since the book stops short of the affair of Kirk o' Fields.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1957

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

THE turnstile receipts at the weekends and the record rate of sales this year nourish the self-confidence of the Royal Academy in the public success of their annual exhibition. And their vast huddle of exhibits, 1,554 items, does include a few easily discernible works of art.

The two purchases under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest comprise the pick of these. First there is Henry Lamb's famous masterpiece of design, the *Lytton Strachey* (224), seated immensely long-legged in an armchair by a window. This, in invention and painting, puts properly to shame every other portrait in oils now on show at Burlington House. It is a yearly sadness that, although the artist continues to paint figures, he never succeeds in matching this early triumph. Besides that another portrait has been chosen, the bust in bronze of *Horace Brodzky* (1427), by a young artist who was never an Academician, the late Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. The excellent selection of his graphic work, painting, and sculpture, recently circulated by the Arts Council, emphasized the exceptional dis-

Art

inction and power of this man so untimely killed in war. Recognition of him by purchase of the bust of his friend, which with its vitality dominates the pathetic ghosts of contemporary sculpture infesting the Lecture Room is also a recognition of the world's extraordinary loss, still inadequately felt in his native France, for whom he fought and died. Had he survived to this day he would still have been a man of under sixty-five, probably still of great physical strength, and now in the full maturity of his powers, a sculptor of genius, and an artist perhaps still ready to work in England.

Much of the promise of the late John Minton was spoilt before fulfilment. And now the matter of his further development as a mature artist is grimly settled. *Composition 1957* (198) must be one of the last pictures that he handled. Imperfectly realized, and frustrated in composition despite its title, it hangs as a fair memorial to his painterly qualities; his sense of touch, and of light, and of the combination of colours. It is in these superior to any other painting exhibited. It manifests also the vivid struggle of his perturbed imagination and reminds us again how his death also has impoverished the life of the arts in this country.

Amongst living artists there are two sculptors exhibiting who show some distinction. Freestanding in the Lecture Room is Professor Skeaping's *Male Torso* (1463) in marble. This from the front views has a pleasing linear elegance of smooth and sinuous hollows with sharp-ridged crests; but the back would have been more happily concealed by a niche. There is also a most sensitive and able carving in tulipwood, the *Portrait* (1457) of a boy's head by Estcourt J. Clack.

After looking at so many dismal portraits in oils, it is pleasant to find Theodore Ramos' unpretentious half-length of *W. Y. Willetts* (298), which, despite some weakness in drawing of head and ear, is not without merit. Robert Buhler's formula is frankly disappointing, even in his best effort, the *J. S. M. Booth* (70). Ruskin Spear, in his *Churchill* (525) really uses paint and keeps it alive. But his treatment of the subject can hardly fail to displease.

* * *

Outside portraiture successes of a minor order are scored by Donald Claydon-Foster's *Death of a Velocipede* (163), William Brooker's *Beach* (632), and by Stanley W. Simmonds' *Fish Porters* (354). But really the most hopeful of the younger painters showing

The Life of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING GARDNER B. TAPLIN

The most comprehensive biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning yet published. The author had access to Elizabeth Barrett's pocket diary for 1823-26 and has quoted from hitherto disregarded marginalia, and is the first biographer to use the letters to Miss Mitford and H. S. Boyd. Invaluable to the student and of great interest to the general reader. *Illustrated 42s net*

A TIME TO KEEP SILENCE PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR author of 'The Traveller's Tree'

A graphic account of the author's visits to four monasteries with his thoughts on monastic life. He describes from personal experience the benefit of occasional retreat into the discipline and calm of the cloister. 'Not only an admirable piece of travel writing: it is also a brilliant piece of human exploration.'—*New Statesman* *Illustrated 15s net*

TOMORROW IS MAÑANA A Village in Andalusia SHIRLEY DEANE author of 'Rocks and Olives'

An intimate and unusually vivid portrait of a small village in Andalusia where Miss Deane now lives. Characters throng the pages, dominated by the outspoken Rabelaisian figure of Hermosa the cook. This is a book which will not be easily erased from the memory. *Illustrated 18s net*

JOHN MURRAY



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"THE LATE JOHN JOHNSON" BY H. ANDREW FREETH

in Gallery VIII are Alfred Heywood and Gerard de Rose.

Characteristically of the visual arts in England, the graphic arts where they tend to illustration flourish more naturally and effectively than painting or sculpture. The power of picture making or of conceiving plastic groups is quite excessively rare. The current revival of interest in colour lithography is well represented by Richard Sell's *The Granta* (1057), using only three colours, and Anne Rooke's *Tuileries* (1060), using four. Each of these prints deserves its popularity amongst buyers. In the more exacting medium of wood engraving Elizabeth Hargrave merits particular praise for her *Scavengers* (1221), and John Farleigh for his *Gloxinia* (1224). The finest print shown is H. Andrew Freeth's etching, *Headrest and Handstand* (1186); and this draughtsman has excelled himself in the pen and water-colour of *The late John Johnson* (790), the most successful contemporary portrait in the exhibition. This is rivalled only by Malcolm Osborne's study in carbon pencil for engraving, the portrait of *Sir Alexander Greig Anderson* (1163).

From the Architectural Room one might believe that in this country architecture was as dead an art as painting in miniature, were it not for the water-colour impression of the

project by S. W. Milburn and Partners for the *National Opera House in Sydney, Australia* (1294). This, potentially a most exciting work of art, should have been shown in full perspectives, plan and elevation.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Elgar at the Festival Hall

IT will not be news to readers of the Sunday papers that Edward Elgar was born in 1857. There is nothing like a good centenary for rousing an apathetic public; and the consensus of critical opinion has been that Elgar was not only about the best composer we have had, but one of the first twenty in the world. It was not always so, for his reputation fluctuated considerably during his life and suffered a sharp decline thereafter during the neo-folk music period of Holst and the early Vaughan Williams. But it has risen again in the present mildly counter-revolutionary climate.

The public, however, remains apathetic, to the extent that not even Sir Adrian Boult, with an outstanding performance of *The Kingdom*, was able to fill the Festival Hall. Yet performances of *The Kingdom* are too rare to be lightly missed; and this one, given by loving experts, was an experience in devotion and concentration, the words beautifully enunciated, the dynamics faithfully and imaginatively filled in.

Elgar, perhaps, is nowadays regarded more with distant respect for his astonishing prowess than with love for what his music means to us. Personally, I find that two of his works are wholly satisfying—the *Introduction and Allegro for Strings* and *The Dream of Gerontius*. I wish I could extend this enthusiasm farther, to the symphonies, to *Falstaff*; indeed, to the other oratorios, *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*. But (and this may be a common experience) whereas I can always enjoy Mozart on an off-day, Elgar has to be at the top of his form (and really well played, too) if I am to enjoy him.

A catalogue of his works runs to over twenty pages of Dr. Young's authoritative biography; some works are as ephemeral as their titles suggest—"O 'tis a Glorious

Music

Sight," *Oberon*, Weber; (1878); arr. for Mr. F. J. Pedley.) A few belong to the ages. Of the many in between, of which *The Kingdom* is a good example, it is difficult to know what to say. It is, of course, perfectly clear why this oratorio does not make the same emotional impact as *Gerontius*; it seems to be too diffuse in intention, lacking in dramatic cohesion, not only without story but without a clear unifying vision. *Gerontius* gains enormously from being, as well as many other things, a narrative poem; that is to say, there is movement described—from life to death and beyond. There is a human soul with whom the music and words fused together create a sense of identification. We, even as audience, participate in the agony. Elgar is nowhere more distinguished than in dramatizing scenes and emotions; the devils' chorus (*pace* Dr. Vaughan Williams) is genuinely frightening. "Take me away, and in the lowest deep there let me lie"—the melodic line to which these words are sung creates an exalted sense of resignation in which the personal element remains significant. While the music of *The Kingdom* is often as rich and mellow as *Gerontius* and in parts (the "Scene at the Gate Beautiful" for instance) of an equally personal emotive power, the Wagnerian structure which is such an important aspect of *Gerontius* is missing, and the latter part of the oratorio sinks away into comparative insignificance. To belong to the permanent repertoire a choral work has to succeed all through; and on that basis *The Kingdom*, by an appreciable margin, fails. Not that we are not grateful to the Croydon Choir and Sir Adrian Boult for revealing its great beauties to us, or to the centenary which is the occasion for this slight browse among the less familiar and accepted of the composer's works. But no one can have a centenary every year, and by and large the process of selection and rejection to which Elgar's music has been subjected is probably valid.

Berlioz at Covent Garden

The *Times* music critic said the last word on the Covent Garden production of *The Trojans*: that it was a triumph for Berlioz. Apart altogether from the tempo of the Royal Hunt music or Dido's uncertain first notes, or the rather silly wooden horse and bewildered wolf-hounds, Berlioz's music has at last been revealed to British hearers in enough of its glory to make us realize what a tremendously under-estimated composer he is. It was his compatriot Gounod who said of him that *The Trojans* literally killed him; it very

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MACMILLAN

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

nearly killed us, too. Without a score and without months of study, it is difficult to convey the extraordinary qualities of the music. Comparisons are unhelpful; with whom? Wagner, Verdi? There are moments when both seem akin to Berlioz. He himself, however, was much more an influence on other people; he was the arch-romantic, in his life as in his art. His capacity to orchestrate effectively for huge ensembles, and at the same time to be affected by tiny variations in sound, must probably be unique in music. Vergil had always been an inspiration to him, and it is of course the Aeneid which supplies the "book" in this case. I cannot understand the arguments of those who insist that the two parts of this opera are necessarily interconnected. What is Cassandra to Dido, or Narbal to Andromache? The only link is Vergil. Indeed, to my mind, the first part is on a lower artistic level than the second. Aeneas does not come before us in the round until Dido, as it were, brings him to life. The scenes at Troy seem muted and dreamlike by contrast with the Carthaginian acts. It is surprising that a man like Berlioz, whose response to literary problems was as instinctive as to

musical ones, was prepared to accept the many structural faults in *The Trojans*. Possibly his genius lies precisely in his treatment of detail—he is an imaginative craftsman, not an architect. At all events, as solo followed chorus throughout the five hours it took to stage the opera, one was spellbound by the beauty of the music; not simply as a succession of melodic felicities, not simply as a successful heightening of a drama, but as a wholly satisfying prolonged piece of dramatic music, in which the orchestral instruments play as important a part as the soloists.

As for the cast, my prize goes to Jon Vickers, the young Canadian tenor who sang Aeneas. There is a power and confidence about him, a sort of effortless mastery, which is rare and welcome upon the British operatic stage.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Theatre

By RICHARD OLLARD

A Dead Secret. By Rodney Ackland (Piccadilly Theatre)

A FAMOUS murder case of the Edwardian period provides the theme and setting of Mr. Rodney Ackland's new play. A rich and repulsive lodger, effectively played by Madge Brindley, dies of arsenical poisoning shortly after she has made over all her property to her landlord, Fred Dyson. Motive, character and circumstantial evidence all point to Dyson as the murderer, but the author is careful to avoid either confession or irrefutable proof of his guilt. As the police take him away his father and his wife are still in doubt. That he has swindled and cheated and stolen is abundantly clear. That he is at least intermittently a psychopath is clear too. But Mr. Ackland stops short of certainty. There was after all a mad maidservant in the house with an unhealthy interest in medical subjects.

Paul Scofield, speaking with a glutinous Lancashire accent, makes Dyson a memorable figure of horror. Cold, sanctimonious and greedy, he is sustained by a belief in astrology and in the end it is an astrological prediction that breaks his nerve. The echo of Macbeth is faint but distinct. The play is carefully, perhaps too carefully, balanced. Dyson's obsessive egoism is paralleled by that of the mad housemaid. Merciless to others he is forced to beg mercy in the very terms he has refused. The neatness of the formal pattern is out of keeping with the savagery and terror

A Welsh Coxswain



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THEATRE

of the matter. From an altogether accomplished cast the tenderness of Megs Jenkins as Dyson's wife and the integrity of Harold Scott as Pa Dyson deserve special commendation. The speed of Frith Banbury's direction and the ingenuity of Reece Pemberton's set serve the play well and unobtrusively.

Tea and Sympathy. By Robert Anderson.
(Comedy: New Watergate Theatre Club)

Mr. Robert Anderson's new play is not so much a play about homosexuality as about the American attitude to that subject. Readers of Mr. Geoffrey Gorer's work might even take it for a *pièce justificative*. A sensitive, humorous independent-minded boy at a New England school has been seen bathing in the nude with the music master. The shock to the incapsulated female, which according to Mr. Gorer's exposition every all-American male incorporates, is overwhelming. The master is sacked; the boy's life is made hell. The balance is redressed by the housemaster's wife (Elizabeth Sellars), whose affection and common sense restores the boy's belief in himself and in his sexual normality.

"Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her." Both the housemaster and the boy's Phi-Beta-Kappa father act the more heartlessly towards him because they can only be at ease in the atmosphere of a football team or a stag party. What the boy has really done wrong is to be an "off-horse." He has not run with the herd. Any other sin is ultimately forgivable. The play thus turns itself into a defence of nonconformity and an attack on public school McCarthyism.

The piece is written with vigour, occasionally vitiated by sentiment. The part of the housemaster's wife might well dissolve into sugar and water were it not for the power of Elizabeth Sellars's acting. Tim Seely convinces us of the boy's personal charm and sceptical independence. The pair of them are hardly off the stage for a moment so that their contribution to the success of the evening can hardly be overrated. Keith Baxter gives a sketch of healthy American manhood in the making whose gruesomeness is equalled only by John Glen and John McLaren's representation of its maturity. Neil Hobson's set is attractive and John Fernald's direction excellent, though it is not an unmixed blessing for the audience to see into two rooms and a staircase if all are constantly in use.

RICHARD OLLARD.

British Business To-day

OIL AND BRITAIN'S ENERGY SUPPLIES

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

GREAT BRITAIN is predominantly a coal-burning country. About 83 per cent. of our energy supplies are derived from coal and 17 per cent. from oil. Water power contributes less than 1 per cent. This may be compared with the world average of 48 per cent. from coal, 45 per cent. from oil and natural gas and 7 per cent. from water power, or in even greater contrast with the U.S.A. where the figures are 28, 68 and 4 per cent. respectively.

Does oil, therefore, not matter so very much after all? And are both coal and oil on the way out, destined to be supplanted in a few years' time by nuclear power? The answer to both questions is an emphatic "No." The reason will be apparent if we

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consider, first, the growing demand for energy of whatever kind, and, secondly, how far fuels are interchangeable.

A detailed forecast of the position as it may be in 1965 was made by the Paymaster-General, Mr. Reginald Maudling, to the House of Commons on April 30 last. Briefly, the picture which he painted was that Britain's industrial production can be expected to increase at the compound rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and the national income by 3 per cent. Allowing for technical improvements and the fact that some industries are heavier consumers of fuel than others, this indicates a rise in energy requirements of about 2 per cent. annually.

On these assumptions the total energy needs of the country will rise between 1955 and 1965 from 250 million to 300 million tons coal equivalent. Meanwhile, coal production itself may be expected to increase from 214 million to 234 million tons, but half of these extra supplies will be required for export. Nuclear energy in 1965 will contribute the equivalent of 14 million tons of

coal. There thus remains a gap of 26 million additional tons to be supplied by oil. Since a ton of oil can do the work of 1.7 tons of coal, this amounts to 15.3 million tons of actual oil, an increase of over 50 per cent. on our present imports.

Such estimates necessarily rest on theoretical assumptions and the further ahead they are projected the greater will be the distortion caused by any error in the initial suppositions. A paper published by Dr. C. H. Daniel of the Ministry of Power at the end of 1955, assumed three varying sets of figures for productivity, national income and fuel consumption, and arrived at three possible results for 1985, namely, 458, 418 and 332 million tons of coal equivalent, a range of over 100 million tons! Even in the comparatively short period up to 1965, if we assume the same rate of expansion for fuel demands as in the decade 1945-55, namely $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., our oil requirement increases not by 15.3 but by 26 million tons, roughly as much again as our present consumption.

Forecasts up to five years ahead are normal oil industry routine, and are necessary since it will generally take at least three years to develop a new discovery of crude oil or to build a major refinery, and delivery of tankers in the present state of the shipbuilding industry may take even longer. For such a period and with constant revision reasonable accuracy is obtainable, but the further ahead one goes the more any estimate becomes a "guesstimate."

It does seem, however, quite clear that coal and nuclear energy between them will *not* satisfy our requirements as far ahead as we can foresee and oil will have to fill the gap (indeed, the same applies to the rest of the world). Since the only source of crude oil in the vast quantities required is by the consensus of world geological opinion likely to remain the Middle East, the political risk in that area is something which we just have to accept and do our best to minimize.

* * *

One of the problems which confronts the U.K. oil industry (and the same is true of Europe), is how to refine the crude in the manner best suited to market needs. Only about a quarter of the output of products is motor spirit and kerosene, compared with about half in the U.S.A. The demand for fuel oil to burn under boilers, both marine and industrial, is relatively larger in Europe, and the taxation policy of most European

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British Business To-day

Governments makes diesel traction for commercial purposes more attractive than petrol. While motor spirit yield can be increased by means of the cracking process, the quantity of fuel oil and middle distillates is determined by the nature of the original crude. The European refiner's problem is therefore to produce enough of these without an embarrassing surplus of motor spirit. So far this has been successfully achieved, but the demand for the heavier oils is increasing faster than that for spirit. In 1955-56 fuel oil consumption in the Eastern Hemisphere expanded 15 per cent. against only 6 per cent. for motor spirit.

There is a considerable field of energy in which no suitable alternative to oil as yet exists. The small power units needed for cars and aircraft seem to offer little scope for nuclear development, and although atomic propulsion may become possible for shipping in the next few years, it is unlikely to be economic except in large vessels for some time to come. The general pattern of European oil consumption is that about 54 per cent. goes into transport and 46 per cent. into other uses. In Great Britain the transport proportion, including marine bunkers, is even higher, probably at least 60 per cent. Thus more than half our oil consumption is in uses where it is unlikely to be much displaced.

But there exists a wide field in which it must compete with the coal and nuclear alternatives. Apart from the factor of price, the cleanness and ease of handling, and the smaller demands on man-power, give it an advantage for many purposes over coal. An obvious example of this is the virtual replacement of coal by oil for ships' bunkers.

In power stations and similar large users of boiler fuels, dual firing systems, which can take advantage of the relative cost and availability of both coal and oil, are likely to be increasingly found.

In gas-making suitable coals are becoming increasingly scarce and expensive and the development of processes for manufacturing gas from a variety of oil products offers relief to the gas industry and will also help to balance the output of refineries.

It seems therefore that, taken as a whole, oil, coal and nuclear energy are likely to be complementary rather than competitive sources of power not only for Britain but for the world in general for the next twenty-five years at least, but within certain applications they can, and should, provide useful competition.



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Finance

By LOMBARDO

Still 5 per cent.

LAST month I noted that expectations of a reduction in Bank Rate were hardening because some of the usual indicators pointed that way, but that as we went to press there had been no change from 5 per cent. By the time my words were in print the situation showed signs of changing, and soon afterwards the talk of a probable reduction ceased as the City saw the indicators veer round. Thursdays now come and go without any particular excitement shortly before mid-day, and the boards in the Stock Exchange flash "Five per cent.—No change" to an unenthusiastic House.

The gilt-edged market, therefore, continues to flag, and the Government Securities Index of the *Financial Times* shows a fall of four points from early May to mid-June (87 to 83). The Government decision to allow Security Sterling holders to invest in 3½ per cent. War Loan gave a slight filip to the market, but did not really alter the trend.

Generally speaking, however, Equities remained firm and some good company reports aroused selective interest in markets which have been quieter, though with one or two active spots due to take-over bids or similar "special situations," and in Middle East oils.

Blueberry Pie Reactions

One of the excitements of the month of June was provided by President Eisenhower's stomach. The news of the cancellation of the President's public engagements caused a wild bout of selling on Wall Street and in the first panicky hours the falls were as much as \$5 in some sections. When the doctors announced the favourable results of their tests, however, buyers scrambled in the last hour of trading with such voracity that the losses were reduced to about one dollar. The London market naturally reflected the falls to some extent but, dollar stocks apart, the heavy reaction was confined to those U.K. issues which had been receiving the attention of American investors. Once again the dangers of holding stocks which are vulnerable to American activity was demonstrated; when our stocks arouse an interest across the Atlantic the buying—and selling—can be very fierce and U.K. holders need strong nerves. The Presidential stomach-ache

gave a great opportunity to bear operators on Wall Street and caused much head shaking in the City over the volatility of the American investing public. I heard one cynic making remarks about the opportunities that could be available to the President's cook!

Industry Expanding

The reports of industrial companies and the official figures of production and trade published during June indicate an expansion in the economy of an order that suggests a firm trend.

The trade figures for the first quarter showed that exports were up by £20 million on the first quarter of last year and imports by £24 million. The figures for May are of boom proportions, and though the rise in imports brings a deterioration in the visible trade gap, it can well be argued that some of the addition to the import figures is due to resumption of traffic through the Suez Canal, and is partly because manufacturers are stocking up to meet an increase in production which is gaining momentum. If imports rise to provide the raw materials for the rise in the export of manufactured goods the trend is encouraging.

The figures of steel production have been outstanding. The value of steel imports for the first four months of this year fell by 43 per cent, while the value of exports rose by 23 per cent.: the value of the United Kingdom's net exports of steel has been multiplied more than four times. During the last few months the output of coal has expanded by about 3 per cent. and stocks are at their highest since the war. The indications are that this change of pattern in our basic industry will continue, and it looks as though the shortages which hampered industry will be substantially eased.

Non-voting Shares

An episode of considerable interest to the Equity market occurred at the Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer in mid-June. The Chairman was asked whether holders of the "A" shares could, in future, be allowed to attend even if they had no votes. Sir Simon Marks promised to consider the suggestion. Even if attendance meant that "A" shareholders were allowed to express their views, the opinion in the City is hardening that this would not be enough. The situation is that 2.4 million Ordinary have 1.2 million votes and 68.97 million "A" Ordinary have



the things they say!



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You should get yourself invited to an I.C.I. club some night —

you'd see what I mean!

Maybe I will. But don't tell me that when I.C.I. provides all this

it isn't guided by self-interest.

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the team spirit in all its works, for it knows that

a happy team produces the best results.



none. The market capitalization of the Marks and Spencer Equity is around £193 million and absolute control could be exercised by holdings worth £3.6 million. It is not known whether the firm's pension fund have Ordinary shares, but if so the possibility that it might control the business would be regarded as very undesirable.

It is possible that this important example of the dangers inherent in non-voting shares may cause the principle to be widely debated and may even lead to a demand for a fundamental change in Company law. The New York Stock Exchange will not allow quotation of the shares of any Company which has any outstanding issue of non-voting units, but the London Stock Exchange makes no such stipulation.

Canadian Uncertainty

The change of Government in Ottawa leaves those who take an interest in the Canadian economy in a state of uncertainty. Meanwhile the active development of the country's natural resources continues, and United Kingdom investors show no sign of abandoning their support of the popular Canadian issues.

LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

THE increase in record prices announced by E.M.I., D.G.G., Philips, and Vox (but not, so far, by the Decca group or Nixa) made necessary by rising costs will cause the purchaser to weigh up more carefully than ever the merits of the discs towards which he inclines, and to frown on unimaginative couplings, short measure, or poor recording, and so forth; and, except for special reasons, discs showing such faults will be excluded from this column, as indeed they have been, in general, in previous issues.

The ardent vision and undaunted persistence in spite of many early discouragements, of Ruth Railton, over ten years or so, in founding and keeping alive the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, are now commemorated in a recording made in the Festival Hall during the orchestra's tenth anniversary celebrations, and therefore includes the huge and enthusiastic audience's applause. Walter Susskind ably directs the young

players, who number one hundred, in a selection from Bizet's two *L'Arlésienne* Suites, Elgar's *Cockaigne* Overture, and Shostakovich's First Symphony; the latter is a particularly happy choice as the players are all below the age of twenty, as was the composer when he wrote the work. The standard of execution is remarkably high and the youthful ardour of the playing most exhilarating. Bizet's pieces, no doubt, require a more developed sense of style than it would be reasonable to expect, but that said all else is praise. This is indeed an inspiring achievement and one supported by good recording (Pye CCL30105).

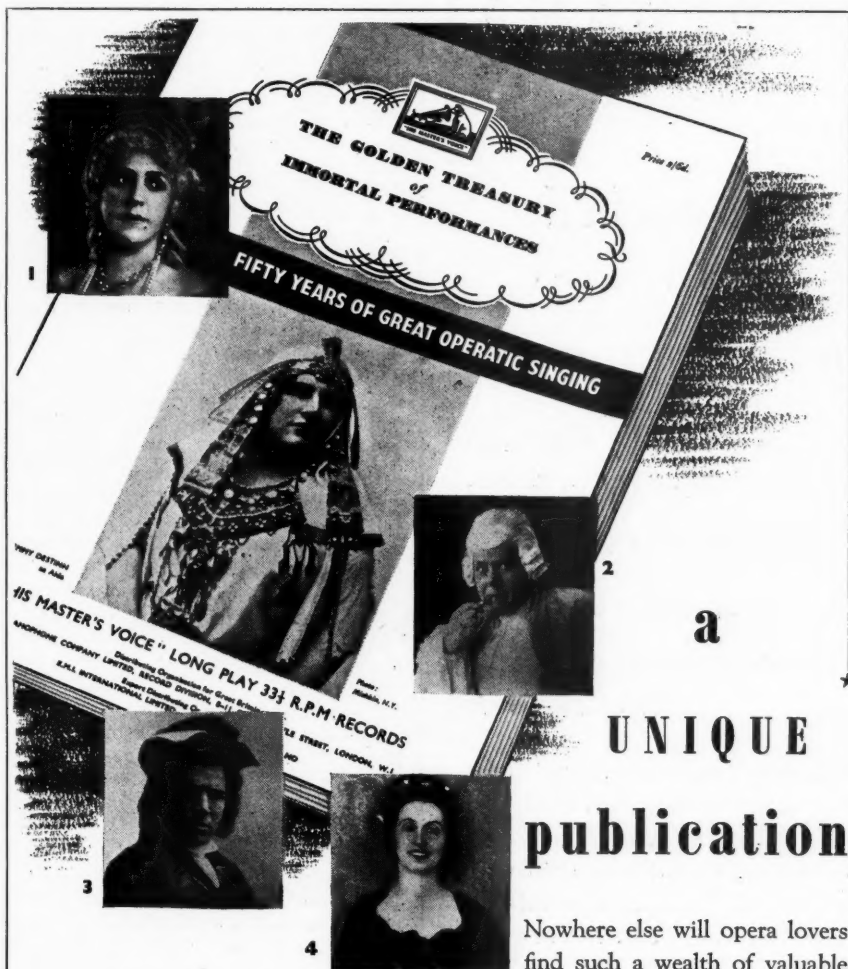
Sir Adrian Boult, with the L.P.O., now comes up to date with his recordings of Vaughan Williams's symphonies and gives us a performance of the Eighth that is as good, if not better, than that of Barbirolli (Nixa NCT17000) and certainly better recorded. The percussion players are allowed to be completely uninhibited in the finale, as no doubt the composer intended. The disc also includes the delightful five-movement *Partita*, an excellent choice (Decca LXT5314).

The new issue of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra is the best recorded yet—it has a fine clarity—and the performance by the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ansermet is wholly admirable except in the finale—a combination of *motu perpetuo* and fugue—which needs an extra touch of virtuosity to bring out its full effect (Decca LXT5305).

One can accept a 1940 recording made in the notorious Studio 8-H (but so well transferred to L.P. that the sound is quite acceptable) when it is of Beethoven's Violin Concerto with Heifetz as soloist and Toscanini as conductor (of the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra). Heifetz's tone is glorious and the complete understanding between him and Toscanini results in a performance of truly classical perfection (H.M.V. CSLP507).

During the recent Hungarian revolution a pianist called György Cziffra escaped to Vienna and made a tremendous sensation there with his first recital, as also in Paris shortly after. He gives, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Pierre Dervaux, a superlative performance of the much-recorded E Flat Piano Concerto by Liszt, the most musical I have ever heard, and an exciting one of the flashy Hungarian Fantasia, in which he suits his style to the material. Here is a pianist to watch. The recording is good and the accompanying adequate for the most part (H.M.V. ALP1455).

Few violinists give me such consistent pleasure as Campoli and he does not dis-



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Records

appoint in a really lovely performance of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, very well accompanied by Aulfo Argenta and the L.S.O. Balance and recording are first-rate (Decca LXT5313).

Instrumental

A single disc with Beethoven's three last piano sonatas on it, played by Wührer, is a notable bargain. The performances are all very good, but there are even better ones by Solomon of the E Major, by him and Katchen of the C Minor, and Giesecking of the A Flat. Wührer is at his best in the latter work and has many admirable movements in the other two, but does not open the heavens in the closing pages of the C Minor. Nevertheless, this is a disc for serious consideration both for its own sake and for reasons of economy. The recording is, in general, excellent (Vox PL9900).

Rubinstein, on less familiar ground for him, gives a superb display of pianism in his playing of the *Appassionata* and the *Pathétique* sonatas and highly individual interpretations of these works. For some reason or another his recordings are never, or rarely, warm enough in tone, but this one is excellent in all other ways (R.C.A. RB16004).

Solomon has made a delightful record of Haydn's C Major Sonata (No. 35) and Mozart's D Major (K.576) (H.M.V. BLP1706).

Choral and Song

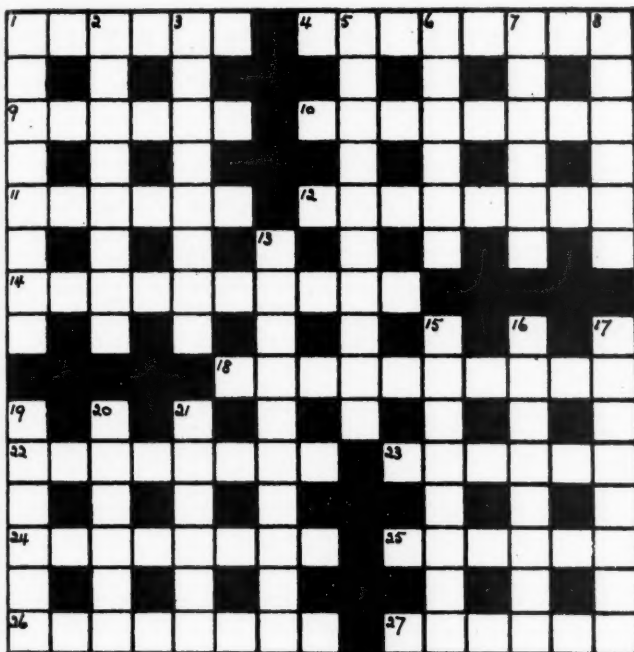
Flagstad is in glorious voice in a recital of some well-known and less well-known Grieg songs, with Edwin McArthur accompanying more imaginatively than hitherto in her recitals of *Lieder*. Balance and recording are excellent and Decca provide good English translation of the Norwegian poems—which also are given in the original (Decca LXT5264).

Purcell's splendid *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* is very well performed by Alfred Deller, Peter Salmon, Wilfred Brown, Maurice Bevan and Maurice Frost as soloists, the Ambrosian Singers and Kalmar Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of Michael Tippett. Deller, among the soloists, is outstanding. The whole conception of the magnificent music is absolutely right, scholarly and alive, and the recording is worthy of it (Nixa NCL 16021).

I must leave over opera until next month and also a recording of a recital given by Kathleen Ferrier in Norway in 1949 and recently discovered there by the Norwegian State Radio Company (Decca LXT5324).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 11



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on July 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4

Last month's winner is: Mrs. A. H. Giles, "Watch Hill," Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Offstage direction (6).
4. Many can see through his handiwork (8).
9. The world, said Stevenson, is so full of a number of them (6).
10. The favourite comes around, contends for a prize (8).
11. One way to obtain sparkling results (6).
12. Once about to cry for riches (8).
14. Feeling at a loss (10).
18. A grim end for a mediæval poet (10).
22. Sensible bishop's vestment (8).
23. Press closely to get home before the French (6).
24. Lads rope wandering animals (8).
25. Wash, even though it is half frozen water (6).
26. All change! (8).
27. Seldom expressed in figures (6).

DOWN

1. "Beware of . . . to a quarrel" Shakespeare (*Hamlet*) (8).
2. A traveller backs me, I admit (8).
3. Disclaimer made by one giant (8).
5. Pamphlet putting expectation before us (10).
6. I am unhealthy-looking and spit (6).
7. Keen as a camper (6).
8. Made a home for a good man in want (6).
13. Not where Teddy grows flowers! (4-6).
15. Battle station (8).
16. Sorry to be against the commonplace! (8).
17. Barren fish in a lock (8).
19. Relate perhaps to an Irish town (6).
20. One of the boat-crew makes an attack (6).
21. He gets used to hearing people swear (6).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 10

ACROSS.—1. Essays. 5. Delete. 9. Err. 11. Elastic. 12. Erosive. 13. Asti. 14. Crash. 15. Ties. 18. Leeches. 20. Dimpled. 22. Repaint. 25. Manages. 28. Port. 29. Diana. 30. Oral. 33. Suppers. 34. Limoges. 35. The. 36. Stuff. 37. Damask.

DOWN.—2. Startle. 3. Arts. 4. Secures. 5. Dressed. 6. Loot. 7. Trivial. 8. Detail. 10. Ceased. 16. Chair. 17. Amend. 19. Eve. 21. Eye. 22. Repast. 23. Parapet. 24. Thirsty. 25. Mangled. 26. Garages. 27. Splash. 31. Pelf. 32. Imam.

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